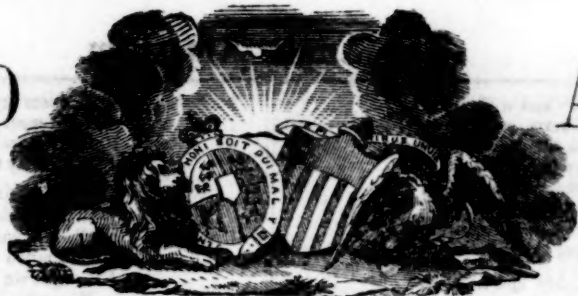


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E. L. GARVIN & Co

PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844.

Vol. 3. No. 11

BERANGER AND HIS SONGS. No. II.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Beranger's hostility to the Court was a congenial thing to one born in poverty and educated in sentiments of an ardent republicanism; and the dissent from the dogmas of Religion, so prevalent in society around him, and early awakened in him, by his admiration of Voltaire, very easily directed his prepossessions against the Catholic priesthood. In the many songs whose object is to satirize the religion and politics of the court, there is expressed such a scoffing contempt, such an irreverent bitterness of sarcasm, in language of such unheard-of boldness and bareness, that it is not very difficult to comprehend the uneasiness and rage into which the guardians of devotion and loyalty were naturally stung by these outrages, and by the consciousness that, however grievous in themselves, they were made still more obnoxious by all the echoes of popular disaffection. The poet retorts on those who would accuse him of impiety, that when Religion makes itself a political instrument, it runs the risk of having its sacred character misunderstood; and adds that, though some, by way of reprisal, assail it in its sanctuary, he himself, as a believer, never did; being content to cover with ridicule its livery—Catholicity. In "Les Religieux," Beranger makes a saint of good repute confess he was a malefactor in his life-time; imitating, unconsciously, perhaps, the example of St. Martin of Tours, who (see his Life, by Sulpicius Severus) drew a similar confession from the lips of a dead man canonized. Nevertheless, however adapted to the circumstances in which they appeared, and effective in their purpose, these bold lyrics possess less attraction for a foreign reader, and are less indicative of the true genius and power of Beranger than others of his muse. The alteration of time and place deprives them of much of their interest. But songs expressive of general sentiment, of those humane sympathies and natural touches which make the whole world kin still keep for every one their intrinsic recommendation. Of these, the noble songs, "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples," "Si j'étois petit Oiseau," "Jacques," "Le Menetrier," &c., are distinguished for their fine philosophy and grave tenderness of thought. "Le Menetrier" may be translated:

THE VILLAGE FIDDLER.

I'm but a poor old harmless man,
All in the village-fiddler's line.
They call me wise; I quaff my can,
And mix no water with my wine.
Here let your hamlet's evening ban
In sportive harmony combine.
Come, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

Join hands beneath its shady screen;
It long hath been our hostel tree.
In sunny days it oft hath seen
All jealousies and hatreds flee.
How oft, beneath its foliage green,
Our sires embraced in amity!
Come, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

Pity the lord of yonder halls,
Tho' master here of all he sees;
He envies sure, the mirth that calls
Our rustic sports beneath the trees,
When, passing rapidly, he lolls
Back in his chariot, ill at ease.
Come, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

Denounce him not with bitterness
Who goes not to the church to pray;
But pray for him, that heaven may bless
His corn, his vineyard, and his hay.
If he seek pleasure, let him press
Amid our revels, and be gay.
Come, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

While slightly set, a horn-beam hedge
Marks out the spot you call your own,
Invade not with your sickle's edge
The field another's hands have sown,
Sure that your father's heritage
Shall to your children yet go down.
Come, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

When Peace with healing balm, at last,
Shall all our wrongs and ills repay,
Let none from hearth and home be cast
Whom error blindly led astray;
Recalling, when the storm is past,
Those whom it scattered far away.
Come, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

Hear your old village-poet's lay,
Come round my spreading oak, and let
All angry thoughts and feuds give way;
Embrace, and all be happy yet.

That only thus in blithe array
Your crowds should evermore be met,
Still, lads and lasses, merrily
Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

The character of Louis XI. of France has been delineated by more than one man of genius. Scott and Victor Hugo, with a surer effect than that of history, have created an interest in the life and times of this monkish king. Let us see how Beranger draws his own sunny moral from the gloomy tyranny of Plessis les Tours. Louis XI. would sometimes witness, from the windows of the Chateau, the holiday amusements of the peasantry.

LOUIS XI.

Ah, villagers, met on a sunny day,
With the joy of the dance and song, be gay!
Our old king, hid in these ancient towers,
Of whom in our converse we whisper low,
Would prove if our sport, in this time of flowers,
May win a smile to the royal brow.
Ah, villagers, &c.

While we laugh and love on the flowery sod,
He lies, self-doomed, in a dreary thrall,
Dreading the nobles, the people, and God,
And dreading his heir the most of all.
Ah, villagers, &c.

Look where the sunbeam, soft and clear
Is broke on a hundred halberds tall!
With the clang of bolts and bars we hear
The challenging warder's sullen call.
Ah, villagers, &c.

He comes; oh, justly this dreaded king
May envy the peasant his lowly hut.
Look at the spectral unhappy thing
Thro' the bars of the window for ever shut!
Ah, villagers, &c.

What pictures we drew by our hearths of late
Of the pomps of a monarch, then unknown!
What! trembling hands for the sceptre's weight!
A care-worn brow for the royal crown!
Ah, villagers, &c.

Despite our songs, with a shudder he starts!
'Tis the clock of the castle that tolls its knell:
Thus ever the voice of the hour that departs
He takes for the shout of the larum-bell.
Ah, villagers, &c.

Alas! by our mirth is his heart rebuked;
And he goes with his gloomy minion, see!
Let us fear his hate, and say that he looked
Like a kind good sire on his children's glee.
Ah, villagers, &c.

The poet, in studying the sentiments which produce the harmonies of the mind, had often witnessed the melancholy disposition of men collectively, and conceived the idea of songs whose serious tenor should be suited to the poor the afflicted—in fact, to the people. The celebrity which he has won shows, how just were his reliance on his own genius, and his estimate of the tendencies of human nature. A thoughtful gravity is often found stealing on his heart in moments of the most congenial conviviality. "Treize à Table" manifests more the spirit of "an antique Roman than a Dane."

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

Thirteen at the table! Alas, for the error!
And the salt but this moment was spilt by my plate!
Ah, number ill-boding! Ah, presage of terror!
Hark, death is at hand—'tis the moment of fate!
But lo! 'tis a spirit, a goddess, a fairy,
And beauteous and young, and she smiles on our glee!
Nay, let us renew our gay songs and be merry;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

Though here like a guest to our board she advances,
And wears a gay festival garland like ours,
I only behold her—alone to my glances
Appears her bright wreath like a rainbow of flowers.
She holds a rent chain, and so sweetly reposing,
A small sleeping babe on her bosom I see.
Fill up to the brim the red cup of carousing;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

"And why," thus she speaks, "should my presence be dreaded,
"Twin-sister of Hope, and a daughter of Heaven?
"Oh, why by the slave should that power be upbraided,
"By which the dull chains of his tyrant are riven?
"Fallen angel, the wings which, in pilgrimage human,
"The fates have withheld, I shall render to thee!"
Let's drink of the rapturous kisses of woman;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

"Again will I come," she pursues, "and with pleasure
 "Thy soul in all space shall at liberty stray,
 "Mid the swift orbs of fire, through the deserts of azure
 "That heaven scatters wide o'er Eternity's way.
 "But while 'tis detained in this yoke, go, unfearing,
 Enjoy all that still from remorse may be free."
 Let pleasure, in peace, make existence endearing,
 For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

A hound bayed without, and, unearthly and fleeting,
 The fair apparition vanished away.
 Ah, mortals! how vain is your thought of retreating
 When the chill of the coffin arrests with dismay!
 Let us gaily surrender our bark so unstable,
 Borne on by the waves to its port o'er the sea.
 If counted by Heaven, let us still sit at table;
 For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

The philosophy of Beranger, with all its tendencies to doubt and mockery, is full of pathos and tenderness. This is distinctive of true genius. Also the poverty of his youth must have left its traces of emotion on his susceptible heart, in spite of the distractions which his cheap and simple enjoyments occasionally offered him. His garret did not always hold the gay re-unions of his companions, or enjoy the presence of Lizette; and, doubtless, many an hour of seclusion reverie cherished the growth of the grave sentiment which will leave its shadow on the lightest of his songs, and gives such general interest to the finer effusions of his muse.

Perhaps the reader has been already fixing on some points of resemblance or comparison between him and Robert Burns. Both men win our cordial respect, for the manly simplicity of their characters, and for the courageous philosophy with which they scorned and put by the sickly importunities and false canons of conventionalism. Both rose in the ranks of the people, and remained in them with a noble choice. Undazzled by the social contrasts around them, they vindicated the class to which they belonged, no man making them ashamed. Both have sung the loves and the business of the poor, and told the story of their virtues and sorrows, in language of undying truth and beauty, and with

a music, to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time;
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime;

and both have feelingly shared the enjoyments and griefs which they recorded. Both cherished that self-sustaining independence which is the parent of all robust conceptions and lofty inspirations; and no debasing contact with any pitiful pretences or selfish meannesses ever took the virtue out of their singin'-robes of hoddin' grey. Both grew up amidst privations, and nevertheless contrived to enjoy a large share of the pleasures of existence; and both twined their names with the melodies of their country in a union ratified by popular celebrity. The mould in which nature cast both characters, seems to have been the same; circumstance caused the differences discoverable in them. Both received an imperfect education; but the instruction of young Beranger was conducted with more regularity and discipline than that of the Scottish peasant. Beranger's philosophy and taste give evidence of more comprehensiveness and refinement than those of Burns. The latter always retained much of the unpolished rusticity of his condition. The citizen education of Beranger; his life in a metropolis, surrounded by the records, arts, and sciences of a great nation, and the intelligence of the society in the midst of which he was no careless observer, soon wore away from his mind the marks and tokens of obscure birth or partial instruction. The consciousness of this last, he informs us, led him to study with sedulousness his native language, for the purpose of penetrating its genius, and forming his style on the best French models. The style of Burns, particularly his prose style, has an undisciplined force of words—a sort of expletive strenuousness, about it which displeases a fastidious literary taste. 'Tis in the Doric simplicity of his native dialect that he possesses all the delicate power of his fervid genius. When he is tempted to quit this circle his magic is at an end. In the management of his English phrases he is as awkward as David in the accoutrements of Saul, because he had not essayed them—at least not early enough or often enough. The style of Beranger has the easy, grave, and pointed effect of La Fontaine and Voltaire. In love matters they resembled each other a good deal; though we think the feelings of the ploughman were of a warmer and more animal temperament than those of the citizen. Our prejudices lead us to prefer the love-sentiments of our countryman. (We say *countryman*, wishing that nothing may ever do away with the union of these noble islands, which seem destined to remain one—for a thousand reasons and ties; and not the least of them the common language of Shakspeare and Grattan.)

In 1829 Beranger was confined for nine months in the prison of La Force, for the publication of 1828. Here he felt not a whit disposed to abate the offensive boldness of his muse. His irrepressible spirit was still evinced by the songs, "Le 14 Juillet," "Le Cardinal et le Chansonnier," "Denys, maitre d'Ecole," "Mes Jours gras de 1829."

MY CARNIVAL OF 1829.

God save your sacred majesty!
 Tho' by your ire condemned the while,
 I spend, as once before, ah, me!*
 My carnival in durance vile.
 To keep me from the song and feast
 Just now, is an unmeaning thing.
 A royal rage is in my breast;
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king!
 In your orations from the throne,
 Ah, wicked king, you glanced at me;
 Still, that but made me better known,
 While I am quite resigned to be.
 But, sad and lonely, when I hear
 The city's festal voices ring,
 I grow satiric and severe:
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king!
 Now glass in hand, in joyous knot,—
 Gay fools disguised in twenty ways—
 My friends forget their comrade's lot,
 Forget me while they chant my lays.

* The Carnival of 1822 was spent in the prison of St. Pelagie.

With them my song would surely be
 Right merry and without a sting—
 Perhaps of royal clemency:—
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king!
 You know Lizette, who cries, poor wight,
 Over my chains for sheer ennui,—
 Well, to a ball she flies to-night;
 "So much the worse for him," says she,
 I thought we should, so happy yet,
 Beneath your safeguard live and sing;
 Your servant, she's a jilt, Lizette:
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king!
 Your cursed judges' hands have cleft
 My quiver with their blows at length;
 But still one arrow more is left:
 I write on this—For Charles the Tenth!
 Despite the walls that round me rise,
 Despite the window-bars, the string
 Is tightly drawn, the arrow flies:
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king!

His days of imprisonment were cheered by various tokens of affectionate remembrance and sympathy from his friends, and also from those who knew him only by celebrity.

The song, "Mon Tombeau," expresses the poet's indifference to posthumous renown. He affects to think Song was dethroned with Charles X.; that his lyrics have since then lost their interest, in the removal of the circumstances which produced a great portion of them; and that his fame shall die with him, or even before him. The modest carelessness of Beranger in these matters is very remarkable, and very characteristic of the man.

MY TOMB.

Erect me a tomb, while in spirit and health,
 At such wonderful cost, too!—good people; not yet!
 'Twere a folly, methinks, thus to squander your wealth;
 To the rich leave the pomp and the pride of regret.
 With the price of the marble or bronze—far too fine
 A grave dress for beggars like me to assume,
 Go, purchase old wine—life-inspiring wine!
 Let's live, and quaff gaily the cost of my tomb!
 A gallant memorial would cost—let me see!
 Some hundreds, at least:—O, my friends, let us fly;
 Come, live for six months, gay recluses with me,
 In a beautiful vale with a beautiful sky.
 In our mansion, balls, concerts, and beauty, I guess,
 Can pleasantly furnish each rapturous room;
 I would risk loving life to too great an excess;
 Let us live, and spend gaily the cost of my tomb!
 But I'm stricken in years, and my mistress is not;
 And I think that she's rather expensive in dress;
 In the blaze of our persons our fasts are forgot,
 And this let the splendour of Longchamps confess.
 From my friends to my lady love, something is due;
 She expects a cachemere of some elegant loom;
 As a life-use, to wear on her bosom so true,
 Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb.
 I wish for no grand private box in the place,
 Where spectres as actors are treading the stage;
 That wretch with sunk eye-ball and woe-begone face—
 Make warm his cold heart in the night of his age.
 To the beggar, who, leaving his wallet, shall sit,
 And, before me, see drawn up the curtain of doom,
 (That, at last, he may keep me a place in the pit,)
 Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb.
 What boots it to me, that my name shall appear
 On a stone, by some scholar decyphered and spelt?
 For the flowers which, they say, shall be strewn on my bier,
 'Twere better, methinks, could their fragrance be felt.
 Posterity!—that which, perchance, may not be—
 Be warned that you never need hope to illumine
 My grave with your torch; dear philosophers, see,
 How I toss thro' the window the cost of my tomb!

Beranger shows himself the *beau ideal* of a poet in every thing. With all the simpleness of antiquity, he exhibits a cast of thought, as rare as it is honourable to the integrity of his sturdy independence. In the midst of all the near temptations of power and luxury, he expresses himself satisfied with the certainty of a crust of bread to meet the wants of his old age, and does not waste a thought on any other wish. When the revolution of 1830 (to which he was conscious that his songs, acting on the popular mind, contributed largely,) had raised many of his personal friends to places in the ministry, he forebore to ask of them any favour. On the contrary, he quietly and unaffectedly refused the offers of his "*Friends become ministers*" to give his humble fortunes a helping hand. The temptation of place and pension were not strong enough for Beranger. This is great praise. It is satisfactory to think we, too, can boast an instance of independent principle as admirable as that of the Frenchman, in a woman's refusal to accept a pension from government. Miss Martineau's honourable rejection of a minister's bounty, is a thing, concerning which the favourers or impugnors of her philosophy can unite in a spirit of cordial appreciation. Our poet, in declining to accept the offered benefit, begs, with a rare frankness, to disclaim any thing like magnanimity in the matter, and would make us believe that the duties or obligations which he feared may be attached to the gift, would be too importunate for the natural indolence and freedom of his disposition.

THE REFUSAL.

A minister would make me rich,
 Nor on my honour set a blot;
 Nor on the *Moniteur* a speech.
 Few wants molest my little lot.
 But when pale misery I see,
 I feel that wealth had suited me.
 With a poor suffering friend they share
 No rank, or honour—no such thing:

But gold, at least, they have to spare :
 Gold, glorious gold ! were I a king,
 My crown should very often go,
 To pawn for twenty pounds or so.
 Should cash into my hat alight,
 It goes, and heaven knows how or where ;
 I never yet could save a doit,
 To keep my pockets in repair.
 My grandsire should have left to me,
 His needles as a legacy.
 Yet, keep the gold I did not earn ;
 For I espoused, when very young,
 Freedom, a lady rather stern ;
 I who, in flowing measure, sung
 Of beauties won as soon as wooed,
 Pine in the fetters of this prude.
 Liberty is, as she has been,
 Bright Honour's headlong advocate ;
 She is a tipsey, randy queen,
 That in the street, or room of state,
 Whene'er she spies a bit of lace,
 Cries, "down with livery !" thro' the place.
 Your gold would wake her worst abuse :
 In fact, why should it be employed
 To pay my independent muse ?
 I am a penny unalloyed,
 Which, if your silver whiten it,
 Becomes, from true, a counterfeit.
 Withhold the gifts I fear to take ;
 But, if the world should ever know
 Your generous feeling for my sake,
 Guess who has let the story go.
 I am a lute suspended, such
 As still must vibrate to a touch.

In 1833, was published the last series of the songs of Beranger. It is the most elevated, and best of all. Since then, like one a weary of the world, he has contentedly withdrawn himself from the public eye. The sentiment of *Mon Petit Coin* is applicable to his retirement. Latterly, on the occasion of some French inauguration or other, the solicitations of a crowd of his youthful admirers could not prevail on him to leave, for a day, the seclusion of his Little Corner :—

Your world has charms for me no more !
 Here with my dreams I come again ;
 Fled from the galley and the oar,
 A slave, my friends, has burst his chain.
 Thro' deserts of the mind I stray,
 Like a free Arab, far and near ;
 Let me, my friends, ah ! let me stay,
 Calm in my quiet corner here.
 * * * * *
 Here, for my country's destinies,
 And heard by heaven, my vows go forth ;
 My friends, respect my reveries ;
 To me, your world is little worth.
 To the bright Sisters of the lay,
 Oh, may my days be ever dear ;
 Let me, my friends, ah ! let me stay
 Calm in my quiet corner here.

While his songs are sung in the saloons, and popular in the workshops, the fields, and the *cabarets*, Beranger, at the age of sixty-four, in his retirement near Plessis les Tours, busies himself with the recollections of the past. He has contemplated a sort of philosophical dictionary, the composition of which is to be the employment of the remainder of his life. In this, all the notable, political, and literary characters of France, existing in his own experience, shall serve to classify his reminiscences and general opinion. "*Les souvenirs*," he says, "*se presseront en foule. Ce sont les bonnes fortunes d'un vieillard*." He has dwelt on the scheme with complacency, and pleases or deceives himself with the idea that, perhaps, it is the work of his old age, after all, he is destined to owe his celebrity ; that posterity may speak of him as, *the grave Beranger*.

HOW TO MAKE A LONG DAY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Time, as we learn from the lips of one of truth's wittiest expositors, can amble, trot, and gallop—and he can also stand still. How absurd to figure him to the mechanical understanding as a traveller who knows but one unvarying pace, and no pause at all from century to century !

To measure every day simply by the number of minutes it contains is to act upon a most fallacious and deceptive principle. When we have, with the nicest exactness, estimated the hours according to their duration in seconds, we may determine, with precisely the same accuracy, the value of bank-notes by their weight. The work of the scale in one case would be performed by the clock in the other ; the large note and the small, both being of the same size, would be matched by the long hour and the short, each counting a like number of seconds.

Nothing is liable to such continual and extraordinary variation as time ; the present hour differing so from the next that the minutes of one may be as years in the other ; nay, as a vast eternity, ever dying and yet endless. Our lamentations over the shortness of life might be spared when we reflect upon the many long days that fall to the lot of every creature in his turn ; though there is little perhaps of liveliness in the thought that these long days are emphatically and necessarily the dull ones of our year, and that this very dullness regulates the degrees of their duration. Nor is it of much avail to seek comfort by counting up the happier days that have intervened, for these are always found to be the shortest in the calendar.

But for the Long Days. Some people cultivate a habit of bespeaking them—they have them "to order" as often as they please. These are the persons who, without the slightest reference to any one thing in the world save a friendly sentiment which has long subsisted between themselves and somebody whom perhaps they seldom meet, blandly and kindly, but rashly, madly, and destructively invite the said somebody to come and spend "a long day" with them ! Without one solitary thought bestowed on the means of getting through the

twelve hours, they ask a fellow-creature to come, with all his preconcerted and extempore tediousness, and help to draw out the dreary dozen into twenty-four !

Let no such amiable idiots bewail the brevity of their mortal date, when they can thus lengthen their days at will, simply by inviting an acquaintance to exercise a similar power equally possessed by him ! The "long day" is sure to be theirs, under such circumstances ; no matter whether the wind be in the east or the west, whether the rain pelt or the sun parches, whether the guest be Mr. or Mrs. Damper ; that long, long day is destined to be their own, as certain as that they must be at home and down early at breakfast, to welcome their esteemed and excellent visitor, who had with glorious self-denial risen at day-break, on purpose to enjoy a full brimming measure of time—to make for once a long day of it.

"Come and spend a long day with us," said the kind simpleton, as he chanced to reflect that he *could* contrive to be at home on Tuesday, and that Mrs. Damper (for Mrs it is, whatever may be the sex) was really a worthy old soul, who would not knowingly be the death of a mite, and almost deserved to be canonized. Yes, and there accordingly sits Mrs. Damper, in a passive, procrastinating state of mind, with a most helpless and inanimate deficiency of every thing except amity, and seeming well content to make the day as long the friendship to which it is sacrificed.

What are you to do ! You can't be wondering what o'clock it is before eleven in the morning, or hurrying up luncheon on the heels of breakfast, or ordering dinner at half-past one. Yet what is to be done with the time ? How is that long day to be got through ; by what magical process is the sun to be sunk in the sea at high noon ; and night brought forth before her time, so that Mrs. Damper may go !

Questions, these, that should have been thought of before—together with the momentous but utterly disregarded fact that between the much-respected Mrs. Damper and yourself there existed nothing whatever in common save that friendly sentiment which had originated the ruinous suggestion of spending a long day together. And how should such a sentiment as that, however profound and ardent, act as a spur to the dawdler, Time. Mere respect for a companion's virtues has small power to bestow on the leaden-footed hours the fleetness of the wind. We cannot make dullness delightful by looking all day in the dear creature's face, and thinking how very good she is. In fact, there is no spending a day with Mrs. Damper, though at the rate at which time passes in her company it is very easy to cram a seven days' martyrdom into one.

Where every taste and every habit, where temper, disposition, and character all completely differ, it is rather difficult (there is little rashness in this assertion) to make choice of subjects for conversation on which both parties may be agreed ; and it is even more difficult still, (this may be affirmed on oath) where one of two persons declines to utter a single word beyond a mere negative or affirmative, to keep up a conversation at all. If you have any doubts upon this point, invite some Damper (male or female) of your acquaintance to spend a long day with you and then try to talk—not to, nor at, but with her.

There is nothing that can make the day long like long-suffering ; and there is no long suffering like the protracted, weary, ever renewing and ever baffled effort to extract words from the mouth of the tongue-tied and amuse the unamusable.

The pursuit of chit-chat under difficulties hardly describes this effort when the Dampers are concerned ; impossibilities meet the attempt at every new essay of what ought to be the pleasantest and most readily reciprocated of duties. They hear and say nothing. Subject after subject, appropriate to the occasion, or speculative and wide of the mark, is started—and passed as a topic on which their lips are for ever sealed. Stores of memory, treasures of observation, and the idlest frivolities of the hour, are produced and turned over in succession, and a "very possible," or a "so I hear," is the full extent of the arduously elicited rejoinder. Silence, or a bare monosyllable is for the most part the cold water they fling in the flushed and glowing face of sociability.

To encounter one of the tribe in a room full of agreeable people, and be obliged by courtesy to make a hopeless experiment upon such a nature for two minutes together, and not more, is to feel a chill and cramp visiting the most susceptible parts of the frame ; but to have one for a guest, face to face, side by side, for a day, a long day, a live-long day, is to endure more than man, born to be a listener as well as a talker, was meant unmaddened to bear.

But when speech fails there is action—which, however, is equally impotent. Some sport is going on, there is a view half a mile off, the garden is to be traversed, and the scantiest possible praise will more than suffice for the rose-trees and the vegetables, though neither are despicable. It is not to be had ; all gardens are common-places, sports are not understood now, and no view in nature ever equalled by many degrees the picturesque in a portfolio of prints. This seems to point to a hope—which of course upon trial proves to be a forlorn one. The portfolio, rich in number as well as excellence, just serves to fill up a three minutes gap, for by that time every delicacy of art it contains has been with no especial delicacy of handling, turned over, with or without remark, with or without pause ; and the undiminished day demands new avocations, amusements, or sources of interest, which become rare in exact proportion to the tediousness of time's interminable march over the flat and barren ground.

There are few things more disheartening, and in some cases even appalling, than to lose a pet subject for the interchange of remark, one on which we have relied for relief, by its falling still-born. Dropped as soon as started, it is gone for that day, and is no more capable of restoration than the plucked rose is of being put back again upon the tree. Another is to be sought for, a topic of promise ; but is nipped like the rest in the bud. We think once more, drearily and wearily, of themes likely to suit, and find them only to fail. The allusion ingeniously made, and the anecdote happily timed, are alike thrown away. They fill up the interval of one minute and forty seconds, but suggesting to the hearer no rejoinder, no retort, no peg whereon to hang a comment longer than a sigh, lapse into silence without a result. Lay the train as you will it sets fire to nothing, and idea after idea rises up, apparently fruitful and teeming, only to die on a sudden without progeny, for want of sympathy to act upon.

And perhaps there is on the table all the time, under our eyes, the second volume of a new story, which we have read deeply into already, and are dying inwardly to finish ! But how prevail upon Mr. Deadweight before us—Deadweight or Damper, whom we actually asked to come and spend a long day with us—to read too ! In vain we push half-a-dozen volumes towards him, or slip an easy, pleasant-looking novelty into his very hand ; in vain we recommend, as something vastly curious, and astonishingly short, the passage at page thirty-seven, with that capital bit over leaf. He is not to be tempted ; he takes the book with a smile, and in the turning of the leaf it is laid down. Illustrations and all, it is not food for him for an instant ; and his easy disengaged look in

which calm expectation appears, tells you at once that he is quite prepared for any further exertions which your untiring spirit may make in some new direction for his entertainment. You cannot be too industrious, he is always ready.

So drags on the heavy day, dedicated to friendly sentiment—Time, with wings perfectly featherless, and clogs upon his feet, drops from his glass one grain of sand at a time. And yet, when the tardy and reluctant clock proclaims at length, in tones that are as the unbolting and creaking of a dungeon-door, the appointed hour of departure, most certainly will Damper give a little start at the last stroke, and protest that it is often quite wonderful how the hours slip away. He can hardly believe it is so late, and actually looks at his watch, which he shows you, asking at the same time if you had dreamed of such a thing! Time has flown indeed, he cries—not one moment of *ennui*—the day altogether has been such a delightful one—he can never thank you enough, but pledges his word and honour to be with you again soon.

And he will, if you don't mind—for he has had in truth a happy time of it, in imperturbably watching and counting up your numerous expedients for his comfort—in remarking your anxiety to relieve his inveterate dullness, your amiable torture under the consciousness of failing; your kind attention in setting before him the very dish he is so fond of—at any other time, but not to be tasted on this occasion; and the wine he prefers—only he is forbidden to drink it just now. His day, in fact, has seemed so short—solely because he has succeeded in making it so long to somebody else.

But old *Tedium Vita*, the great lengthener of days, seizes upon the soul, sometimes, with quite as remorseless a grip, when our companion for the day, is the hearty, bustling, zealous, excellent good fellow, who can never by any possibility do enough for us. Brisk for example—he is always for making the day long, by devising some occupation for every minute of it; and seems to be of opinion that the time can never be made to pass at all, if not entirely filled up; that the day cannot be got through, while a single second remains unappropriated to a special purpose.

He can no more tolerate a rest, whether in conversation, at dinner, or in any social diversion, than Astley could in the case of the drummer in his orchestra. Whether he has you in doors or out, he is resolved on not losing a moment. If you go to spend a long day with him, expect to hear him cry before your hat's off, or "How are you?" has reached the tip of your tongue—

"Quite well! Come, let's lose no time!"

Whether he finds you in Paris or London, where you have been scores of times, or never in your life before—pursuing business, or prowling after pleasure—he treats you all the same; and you must have a long day with him, even if it were the last you had to live. Do the honours of the city he will—all of them in twelve hours; he insists. If he gets you out for a twenty minutes' saunter, it is a hundred chances to one but he whisks you up into the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's and before you can call a cab off the stands, claps you down, perhaps, among the wax-works in Baker-street.

Thence you are probably transported to five houses in succession, at which morning calls are to be made, though you know not a soul that lives there—looking in at an exhibition or two by the way; hurrying off afterwards to some place for letters, and dropping in at another place for luncheon; rushing to the Strand to make a purchase of music, and carrying it to the charming young singer at Stoke-Newington; who, happening to be that moment setting off for the concert in town, has only to be escorted to the Hanover-square Rooms; where we can just hear one song and escape—or we should hardly be in time to take the promised peep into Bedlam (having a ticket), or to see the works at the new Parliament Houses.

Then the dinner itself—it is a day's work; and the drinking is all extra. Authorities in statistics will tell you, that dining with Brisk, the hand travels upon the average fourteen miles and a quarter within the hour, in journeys to the mouth and back again. Your ear also is kept in constant requisition throughout the whole of this long day, for Brisk has never once ceased talking, except to hear now and then the first three words of your reply—the fourth word you happen to use never fails to remind him of something he had quite forgotten to say, and would not have missed for all the world; so he begins again, in the Irish fashion, before he has quite left off.

Time in short is made fat and lazy with excess of pleasure and good living, and is loth to stir a foot; the hours are fed to repletion, crammed with comforts and excitement, and this over-indulgence renders them so drowsy and dull of motion, that they hardly know how to make one wing keep up with the other.

Better pass a long, dark, summer day in the "moated grange" with Mariana—awearry, weary! The rest, the calm, the heavy melancholy, the unrelieved desolation, would make the gloomy noon-time less slow, and bring on the needful sweetness of night sooner, than this constant racing of the spirits and dancing of the blood, amidst the whirl and giddiness of which Time seems reduced to a stand-still.

"The Longest Day I ever passed," said B——, breaking in upon me, just at this point of my writing, and volunteering an illustration, "was spent, not in the company of such simple bores as the Brisks and the Deadweights, but in my own—in solitude—here in London, at Westminster. This, my fine fellow," said he, brushing with his fingers as he spoke, his short curly hair, nearly all gray, "was all black on the ninth of September; but the tenth day of that month, was long enough to sprinkle my locks with snow in my twenty-seventh year; and on the following morning I woke up much as you see me.

"The circumstances? You shall have them if you like to listen.

"Papers of vital consequence—but far less to me than to others—had escaped from my hands, and by an act of the blackest treachery were to be turned to diabolical purposes. The recovery of them was an object dear to me as honour itself; for although I had committed no crime, I had been incautious, confiding; and irretrievable ruin to a friend, perhaps to his family, might be the consequence of my act. Yes, honour—and life which depended on its preservation—were treasures no dearer to me than the possession of those precious papers which my soul yearned to see again, agonized at the bare thought of their being irrecoverable.

"By an extraordinary combination of accidents—of acts, that is to say performed without a current design by several persons unknown to each other, and equally in the dark with reference to me—I had become possessed of a clue to the packet and the purpose it was to serve. This occurrence seemed providential. Not a doubt could exist as to the blackness of the hands the packet had fallen into, or of their success to a very great extent in playing the assassin securely by the aid of such an instrument. What anguish was mine, as I remembered that but for me—all guiltless as I was—the iniquity of these wretches would have been equalled only by their impotence. I had innocently armed the snake with a mortal sting.

"To get back the papers then.—How, how? A possibility, almost a chance broke upon my mind. My imagination saw first, and then my understanding. You know I am any thing but cool and methodical, and never even pretended to be guarded and foreseeing like other people. Yet the desperate nature of this enterprise—the pitiable havoc to the peace of an excellent family then fiercely, cruelly threatened—made me, all on a sudden, skilful and even wise. I felt myself alter five minutes of calm reflection a match in expedient and manœuvre for the most knowing lawyer in the land. And I was. I went to work with a hundred-Inner-Temple power, of knowledge, acuteness, and dexterity. I not only felt, but I saw my way, through the first half of a labyrinth of difficulties, with a clearness that was marvellous. Marvellous it sounds, indeed, as I tell you that fine sensibility, sheer intensity of emotion, transformed me into (of all things in the world) an accomplished, a thorough-paced lawyer! Most fortunate it was that the delicacy of the affair precluded the possibility of my taking counsel's opinion. I must have lost my cause—must.

"Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say; 'fool for his client,' and all that. My dear fellow, that is a saying, and nothing more; a popular assertion in Lincoln's-inn, but not a truth universal. I'll argue that point with you some other time.

"Enough, that without committing my friend, or appearing in person, or betraying any circumstance that might show I had the slightest interest in the affair, I so arrested the progress of the atrocious villany, as to make it pause in its stealthy way, and turn pale just as it was flushing with conscious triumph. In perfect safety I exercised a deterring influence over the miscreants, and compelled them, by a most subtle and irresistible coercion, to meditate on the policy of restoring the ill-gotten, the invaluable papers.

"Hours, days rolled by, leaving me anxious, constantly, painfully anxious; but this policy grew more and more clear, while their proceedings grew more and more mysterious; until at last my good genius prevailed, and it was announced—but on anonymous authority—that before the three days then next ensuing had expired the packet would be mine!

"Mine! But on conditions. These conditions placed me at their mercy, by withdrawing all the formidable show of power with which I had artfully surrounded myself. I well knew this to be merely a show; a bulwark of rushes. I was fearfully aware that they had every thing in their own hands, and that if they chose to venture forward, my mock defence could not stay or hurt them. My threat was an air-drawn dagger, but luckily they believed it to be keen steel, and the point of it turned them from their purpose. Should I comply? or, by driving them to persevere, force them into the discovery of their blindness, and my own powerlessness of opposition or revenge. I complied!

"I complied with the conditions; and sat up all the night, reading a thousand and a thousand times over, with thanksgiving and exultation, the promise in the strange hand-writing, the solemn pledge conveyed to me by the unknown that 'before the expiration of the next three days' the papers would be mine—my own papers would be mine once more!

"In the morning, extreme excitement being followed by extreme exhaustion, I went to bed, and slept well and long. It was three in the afternoon before I awoke—no wonder, considering the distress of mind which had agitated my slumbers, or driven them utterly from my pillow, during every miserable night of the past fortnight.

"My first thought on starting up was—no, my dear friend, you are wrong—it was not of the packet, but of the delicious sleep that I had enjoyed.

"Oh! blessed, blessed sleep! Balm-giver more beneficent than gratitude in her sweet, fervid, yet faltering language can ever describe! And when her tongue fails, let all praise-giving eloquence, how pure and simple soever, be mute—and let the heart only speak in its tranquil, hushed, and healthful beatings.

"That happy sleep had given me new eyes—bright, keen, far-seeing eyes! How sunny looked the world! A black funeral-pall had been flung from off it, and an angel rose out of the place of death. Not a pall merely, but a great weight of monumental stone was rolled away, and my spirits felt that earth had risen up into a clear sky, was even then floating as a brilliant star nearer to the source of light, and sharing more largely than before in its soul-feeding influences.

"Breathing the fresh air from the river, and with the soft colours of a September day about me, late in the afternoon I sat down to breakfast. The morning newspaper was on the table; and—oh! and my letters!

"The first glance that fell upon them showed me what they were. A fancy had momentarily darted into my mind that amongst them might possibly be—but they were unimportant, and the claims of a sharp appetite at that juncture were not. A joyful meal was that breakfast, dear old friend. No pale-cheeked weaver on a Sunday morning, eight little week-day toilers around him, with enough to give them all on the day of rest, and no work to do until the morrow, ever ate a heartier.

"And with little interruption to the feelings I then experienced, glided away the remaining hours of the day. To leave home for an instant was of course out of the question. Something might arrive in the interval—arrive in my absence. The receipt of it might be delayed by five minutes, a quarter of an hour even. It was like being out of the way when a life, suspended by a thread over a drear and bottomless abyss was to be snatched into safety and joy. It was a physical impossibility for me to go out. Do not smile at what I say, as an absurdity; but a mother could no more be absent, when her hoped-for child is to be born. That packet, those letters—unnarrived as yet—were virtually a part of me.

"Late, but not very late at night, my eyes closed in sleep upon the first of my three days; and though dreaming, not uncheerily, of double knocks at the door, dim-seen, misty messengers, and large letters with one or more seals—the motto, 'The return of the dove to the ark,'—the silent hours moved in their stately course scarcely more serene than the mortal atom that breathed beneath them.

"The morning of the ninth dawned fairly, and found me in right humour for the usual refreshing ceremonies. A letter or two had arrived, and when I had taken them up, my eye wandered again, of its own accord, over the table, and then to the chimney-piece, and round the room; and then I sat down to look at last night's Parliamentary debate, which did seem that morning particularly uninteresting.

"Reading and sipping disposed of the time, writing got rid of more, and a few gay brisk turns about the room for the sake of exercise, added another half hour to the past. The postman's knock—the postman's—suddenly checked this carpet excursion, and I stepped in the middle of the room a minute, the ear bent downwards to listen. My figure was before me in the glass between the windows; the attitude, the anxious turn of the eye as I caught the reflection, quite startled me for an instant—not longer. I listened no more but re-

paired to the window, just in time to catch a view of the postman, moving machine-like towards the opposite house. There was no step upon the stairs—no; consequently he had nothing for me.

What a packet of letters he held secured under that slip-knot!—many more missives than usual—oh! how many—and several were large. One that he delivered close by had four blue stamps upon it. What might that contain! With what untrembling hands he had given it in! and yet my own trembled nervously, with a strange desire to have it between my fingers. It was an absurd feeling with which I watched his movements from house to house—and saw letter after letter delivered. I would have given any thing at the moment for permission and power to seize that from his hands, to loosen the string, to examine the directions one by one, to scrutinize the handwriting, to inspect with burning eyes, the close, hard, unmelting seals—to tear them all open, and read them at a glance.

“Laughing heartily—aloud—at this wild fancy, I sat down calmly to read. Quite calmly, my friend, and with the richest enjoyment as I proceeded. I read Swift’s ‘Battle of the Books,’ with exquisite relish, and I thought I never could have read it before. A knock at the door now and then disturbed me, but only for a minute—I took but slight heed of such interruptions. From visitors I was secured, being ‘out’ to every body for three days.

“The day, as it advanced, became misty and cold. This was an evil easily remedied—it brought me even an advantage in the cheerful companionship of a fire.

“‘The postman had no letter for me?’ I inquired of the girl who lit it.

“‘None.’

“‘Nobody had called!’

“‘Nobody whatever.’

“The same story was repeated when dinner was served; but I enjoyed my dinner, which I had ordered with some tendency to the extravagant. It was beyond my mark, rather ridiculously so; and demanded the crowning adornment of one of the last bottles of a delicious little store—a gift—which I had never until now tasted alone. Solitude is fatal to true wine-drinking, and yet that nectar was never so divine before. I drank to the health of a certain friend of mine, to the health of his family, and nodding as though he sat opposite, cried,

“‘Ah! when that packet has arrived, and the merry flames have consumed the letters, envelopes and all, what a libation we will pour to the immortal gods, old boy!’”

“The evening set in cheerlessly, almost threateningly, and required, for the effectual shutting out of apprehensions and forebodings, infinitely more dear than the night, a vigorous application to the cigar and the book. The postman came once; the servant mounted hastily up the stairs, and spilling the contents of my tumbler in the eager stretching forth of my feverish hand, I received an obliging circular. A parcel was left, brought up to me at once by special orders, and then cast down to be trampled on—it was a waistcoat that had been altered. No other arrivals. Every summons, for tea, for coals, for hot water—for nothing—afforded the same opportunity for the question.

“‘Any one called? Any thing left?’

“And the same ‘nobody’ and ‘nothing’ constituted the reply.

“Two days were past. Before the expiration of three days, the documents of which I had been defrauded, were to be mine! And now the third day dawned.

“A spirit of confidence, a faith in that ‘soul of goodness which is in things evil,’ an exercise of the reason in waiting not impatiently for that which might yet come in time, and the unconquered power of the will when all else failed, had borne me up in tolerable composure—broken, to be sure, by fits of passion, and by excitement natural to me under far less formidable circumstances—for two days; two calmer days, following many feverish ones of rage, exertion, anguish, hope, despondency. The depression that came with the close of the second day, the sense of bitter injury and helpless disappointment, had suggested a trial of other stimulants than hope and reason can always proffer to the patient; and liquid fire had been poured into the blood and upon the brain in a stream that should have laid the faculties of nature prostrate, and exhibited to the eye of the morning a being to whom its wakeful, balmy, freshening light was wholly lost, or seen only with a painful and sickly vision.

But this was not so. I was up soon after daybreak, cool, calm, thoughtful, hopeful even; prepared to meditate, to weigh probabilities, and to await the issue. On neither of the mornings had I experienced such content; such a feeling of patience lightened by hope, as the valleys of earth are gilded at length by the all-penetrating sunbeams.

“No sunbeam, however, was visible on the desolate morning of the tenth. The heaviest, densest fogs of winter had stolen upon the green and lovely world many weeks before their time; and if gaiety was to be found anywhere on that day, it must be sought within the mind.

“No letters, no message that morning. Very well.

“Having concluded a protracted meal, I drew my chair round to the fire, and began to ruminate on the posture of affairs. All the circumstances of the case were fairly and dispassionately passed in review. My adversaries were villains of the worst dye, and no means of compassing their ends were too dishonourable for them to employ. I had so far placed confidence in them as to disarm at their suggestion, and thus remove an engine which they might reasonably deem perilous, although I knew it to be merely a hollow menace—a fine horse-pistol not loaded. This, too, I had done on the faith of an oracular announcement—trusting to the anonymous pledge of restitution within three days.

“But then I saw as calmly why this guarded and mysterious course had been taken, and why the same craven fears and miserable self-interest which dictated the promise would also compel the keeping of it. There was no good cause then for apprehension or despondency yet. The time agreed upon had not expired—only two of the three days. This was the last. The last!—ay, verily; for if before the next dawn those letters came not back to me, they would arrive too late; they would be waste and worthless whenever recovered; the cruel, needless mischief would be effected; and a cold, heavy shadow of suspicion and misery would have fallen, never to be chased away, upon happy and innocent lives, valued and loved almost like my own.

“The consultation with myself being now over, I sought exercise and bodily relief in walking about the room, varying the direction occasionally, but preserving a regular pace for a long time; stopping when steps in the street seemed to pause at the door; and, whenever a knock was heard, opening the door of my room to know what had happened. Then my walk would be renewed.

“Gradually this measured pace grew quicker, my strides less regular, my hands clutched at various things as I passed them, and tapped the waistcoat

when I went near it. My arms took a swinging motion, and my whole body swung indeed, pendulum fashion, as I walked.

“A sympathy with the large old clock below, which I could plainly hear strike, seemed suddenly to possess me—an intense sympathy it became, and then it grew malicious. I could have found some pleasure in winding it up, in stopping it, and then setting it going again; in putting it back, and swinging the great weights about; and as its loud, sharp, continuous tones—one, two, three—striking the hour, rung up the stairs, and seemed to fill the apartment with sound; they so smote upon some chord of the mind, that I could not forbear imitating the sounds in a kind of savage and impatient mockery of them.

“There was a piano in the room—never opened, for you know I can’t tell one key from another. But now I sat down before the instrument (little was there, my friend, of merriment or music in me at that anxious moment), and ran my hands along it artlessly, to and fro, in any direction, making discordant noises, until I felt as though the cool smooth ivory had become hot and blistering to my fingers; when with a crash that brought up an inquiry from below, I closed the piano.

“‘Nothing is the matter,’ I said. ‘Any letter, any packet, any message any card, any visitor whatever!’ Nothing, nobody.

“Out-of-door objects looked no brighter than before; but throwing up the sash, I leaned upon the window-sill, and through the thickening fog scanned the faces of all who approached the house, or seemed likely, from the direction they came in, to call. But they all passed on; the hour stole slowly away, minute by minute; and I then sat down, placing my watch on the table to look at it, and brood upon the imperceptible motion of that apparently fixed hour-hand which, nevertheless, travelled so fast.

“Long, long I looked—and yet the time so occupied was but half-an-hour; a half-hour of forced calm, during which a fierce tempest of emotion had been raging in my soul, more violently because controlled and shut within. My eye had never wandered from the watch, my reckoning was never once broken, but the seconds were faithfully counted as they passed—and all that long, gloomy, horrid interval measured but half-an-hour; all that anxiety, fear, anguish, torture—that suffering, dreadful as any that crime can undergo, was crowded into thirty minutes.

“How many hours of the allotted three days remained yet unexpired? Several, yet very few; a time almost too short for hope; and yet an age, if measured by the torments of suspense.

“Sudden and impetuous movements, or forced and painful quietude varied the time; but without rendering me unmindful of one passing moment of it. Rapid turns about the room in every direction, watching from the window as long as any creature in the shape of mortal messenger could be seen approaching, piling coals upon the fire, and hurrying to the staircase—sometimes half-down it, sometimes to the bottom, to the door, when any one knocked at it—then returning to drink large draughts of water, but eating nothing—holding the chair into which I had flung myself, very tight, as if by that muscular effort to control the restless mind, and retain myself in the seat;—these were the chief changes in my condition, as the day died, and the cold, black, bitter evening came on.

“I sat in front of a large fire, my head bent over a book, on the small-print pages of which the blaze shone. I was not reading a word; but merely counting how many letters there were in a page. As I looked into the fire, forms of picturesque beauty and wild distortion met my view; and, amidst a crowd of images formed by the bright cinders, I discerned the figure of Mirabel—the very likeness of Charles Kemble in former days—smiling amidst the horrid tortures of suspense, and masking agony with easy politeness, as the cut-throats crowded about him. I saw the whole scene beautifully acted in fire, and felt it in my brain.

“Time dragged wearily and painfully. Removing from my finger a small piece of skin, I cut the flesh away with it, almost unwarned by any sensation of pain. I pared my finger nails, for the sake of doing something, no matter what, to the very quick, and the blood started all round the tips. And then I flew to the window where all was dark, not to look out now, but to listen to footsteps.

“An interval of calm, however, there was. I reasoned in favour of the remaining time. Time there yet was for the restoration of the packet, and the security of those dear to me. Yes, I again persuaded myself that there was hope, high hope; the compact had not been violated; and dark as the long day had been, the midnight might look golden as a summer’s noon.

“Silence followed, and the semblance of repose; but after some time the hush became absolutely intolerable, and feebly breaking through it, I could plainly hear the low ticking of the clock at a distance below stairs, which I had never heard before. It disturbed me. Had it been loud, sharp, it might have been unnoticed or easily borne; but it distressed me by its deadness and monotony. It was a sound of ill-omen, and announced momentarily that hopes were perishing. Every tick seemed to tell me that my life-blood was oozing away drop by drop at a time—one drop for each audible tick. I could bear it no longer.

“There was a crash of glass—how I caused it—and with what—I hardly know; but the act, the sound, was a welcome and indispensable relief. The next volley of discords, if less startling, was even more stunning than the first. The new crash came from the piano, all the powers of which I pressed into the service with a kind of frantic and yet solemn glee, to drown the dull, small ticking that had almost driven me mad.

“Utterly unconscious of any thing save the noises thus created, and the impossibility of hearing all other sounds still more intolerable, I continued this experiment, it might be for a minute, or for an hour, or for a day. I had lost all power to reckon time. When just as the insane dashing and crashing of all the discords into one extraordinary combination had attained its height, the door was opened—though I heard no sound at all.

“The loud double knock below had been unheard; the clatter of the maid-en-messenger rushing up the stairs had been unheard; nay, her shrill exclamation beneficently set up within a few inches of my ear,

—“‘Sir, here’s the packet!’—

“Even this had been entirely unheard for the exact period of two seconds; but ere the third second had fled, I could have clasped her to my heart, or trebled her wages, to atone for my neglect and insensibility.

“Oh, packet invaluable! My lost treasure restored! How soon after that Long Day my heart grew young again, though my head has been twenty years older—I mean the grey outside of it—ever since!”

These Long Days, which are the common lot, custom (the sure and silent alleviator of every ill that is inevitable and must be borne), so far shortens, as by slow degrees to adapt the burden to the power of endurance. The heavy task of yesterday seems lighter to-day; distance lessens when the eye, grown

familiar with it, learns to measure its extent; we find the two-mile walk to our own dwelling, stretched into three or four when we are travelling on an unknown road to the house of the stranger.

The long, dull, weary day of factory-labour, restless, vigilant, and incessant, gathers, nevertheless, with a less grievous weight, hour by hour, upon the over-taxed heart, than would the slow and lengthening minutes of the morrow, if on that sunless day the father saw his children, spared from grinding toil, pinning with hunger. The day devoted to watchful tending by the bed of pain, when the being we most deeply revere is helpless, prostrate, and in peril—wears out less darkly than the fixed and hopeless monotony of the afterday, when such tending is needed no more. Short and merry is the long sad time, from early morn to noon, from eve into deep midnight, passed on the becalmed sea by the impatient heart-sick mariner, compared with that one day—that new, long, marvellous lifetime, sweet, and yet most horrible to bear—when the sunrise sees him sole survivor of the wreck, and the sunset leaves him hanging to a wave-washed point, or floating on a spar, alone and in the dark between sea and sky.

"REVENEZ A VOS MOUTONS."

When any person, in telling a story, or taking part in an argument, wanders away from the subject, he is often recalled to it by the phrase, "*revenez à vos moutons*"—return to your sheep; or, as a variation, "*revenons à nos moutons*"—let us return to our sheep. This is common not only in France, but also in our own country. As few persons can be aware of the origin of the phrases, we venture to make known that they took their rise from one of the most humorous and popular specimens of the comic drama of our lively neighbours across the Channel.

The expression occurs in a farce named "*Maitre Pierre Patelin*," which appeared in print as early as 1474, and is then spoken of as an old piece. The name of the writer, notwithstanding various sage conjectures on the subject, remains still one of the undiscovered mysteries of literature. Supposing it to have been produced shortly after the commencement of the 15th century, it continued for three hundred years to be a general favourite on the French stage; and, to render it still more acceptable, it was modernised and improved by Brueys, a popular comic dramatist of his time (1640-1723), and named by him "*L'Avocat Patelin*." In this new form the piece was brought out on the 4th of June, 1706; and uniting much of the finesse of Molière with the comic power of Rabelais, it has remained a favourite even to the present day. In the original farce, the saying "*revenons à nos moutons*" occurs at least once, but in the piece as modernised by Brueys, that form of the phrase is dropped, and "*revenez à vos moutons*" is only employed. The following sketch of the story will show the droll origin of these expressions.

Patelin, an advocate, living with his family in a village near Paris, wishes to provide a good match for his daughter; but unfortunately his circumstances are so poor, and his dress so shabby, that his appearance deters all those who might otherwise become suitors. His wife is constantly reproaching him, and, driven to desperation, he determines at all hazards to provide himself with a new coat. One of his neighbours is Monsieur Guillaume, an avaricious woollen-draper, to whom Patelin has never yet spoken. He is particularly struck with a piece of cloth which is temptingly displayed in the draper's window, and hits on an ingenious expedient for obtaining a suit from it, without the disagreeable, and to him the impossible, formality of paying. He goes to his neighbour, and commences the attack by declaring his name, which he is quite sure the shop-keeper must know perfectly well. M. Guillaume declares tartly that he does not know him. "I'll soon make him know me," says the wily lawyer to himself. "I have found," he continues aloud, "among the memoranda left by my late father, a debt which has not been paid." Guillaume interrupts him hastily with, "It is no affair of mine, sir; I do not owe a penny." Patelin replies soothingly, "No, sir; quite the contrary. My late father was the debtor; it is he who died in your debt—some thirty crowns or so. As I am a man of honour, sir, I have come to pay you." This sharpens the draper's memory like magic. "You have come to pay me, sir!" he exclaims. "Well, now you mention it, I have a glimmering recollection of your name. O yes, I have known your family for a long time. You used to live in a neighbouring village. In fact, your father and I was on the most intimate terms. I beg you a thousand pardons, my dear sir. Allow me to hand you a chair. Pray take a seat. Sit down, sir, I beg." The subject of the debt is naturally continued. Patelin will pay it to-morrow; and looking about him, he affects to be struck for the first time with the remarkably fine colour and texture of the cloth which had attracted his attention. The draper, thrown off his guard by the prospect of receiving payment of a debt he never heard of, and susceptible of flattery through his cloth, is easily induced to cut off a suit, which is to be settled for along with the debt on the following day. The business being thus amicably arranged, Patelin puts the cloth under his robe, and takes a graceful leave, by inviting the draper to dinner. The day after, Guillaume punctually keeps his appointment, expecting a good dinner, and a sum of money to which he has no right. Arrived at Patelin's house, the advocate feigns madness, raves at his visitor, and will not answer a single question concerning the debt, the cloth, or the invitation to dinner. The draper becomes furious, and leaves the house, threatening vengeance and the full terrors of the law.

He has, however, another law-plea already on hand against his shepherd, Agnelet; for M. Guillaume is the proprietor of a quantity of sheep, the wool of which he makes into cloth. His accusation against the shepherd is, that he has been in the habit of murdering the sheep, under pretence that they are ill, and then selling them to a butcher; nor is the accused deterred from proceeding, when he suspects Valere, his son, of conniving at and sharing the booty with the treacherous shepherd. Agnelet applies to Patelin to conduct his defence against Guillaume; and the lawyer puts him up to the scheme of playing the idiot, and whenever questioned, to say nothing but "*Bée!*" He is also to enter a cross-action for supposed damages received in the head from his master's repeated thrashings.

All the parties speedily meet before the judge, and M. Guillaume determines to plead his own cause, much to Patelin's horror; for he perceives in the prosecutor his own victim, who will doubtless divulge the cheat of which he has been guilty. Not wishing to be recognised, he complains of the toothache, and holds his handkerchief to his face. Meanwhile Guillaume catches a glimpse of him, and mixing up the advocate's fraud with the case really before the bench, makes a most amusing confusion of statements—the six ells of cloth, the promised thirty crowns, and the twenty-six sheep, being jumbled together in a manner as bewildering to himself as unintelligible to the court. He opens his case by accusing Agnelet of killing and making away with twenty-six sheep; Patelin, as advocate for the defendant, affirms that the sheep died of the rot. Guillaume denies it; and adds, "Why, he carried away yesterday from my shop six ells of cloth; and this morning, instead of paying me thirty crowns

The Judge. But what have six yards of cloth and thirty crowns to do with the case? This, as I understand it, is a question of stolen sheep.

Guillaume. Very true, sir; that is, as you say, another affair, which I shall come to presently. You must know, then, that I concealed myself in the sheep-house, and (aside, glancing at Patelin)—yes, it is he; I am sure of it—and, your worship, I saw this fellow approach; he sat himself down, and took a fine fat sheep, and—and—managed with his flummery and fine words to cheat me out of six ells—

The Judge. What! six ells of sheep?

Guillaume. No, no; six ells of cloth. *Him I mean!*

The Judge. Be good enough to drop the cloth and this gentleman for the present, and return to your sheep (*revenez à vos moutons!*)

Guillaume. Very well, sir. Well, then, that fellow having taken his knife out of his pocket—at least I mean my cloth. No, no, I was right at first; his knife—he—he—he—tucked the cloth under his robe, and carried it home; and this morning, in place of paying me thirty crowns, he declared he had neither cloth nor money!

Patelin laughs heartily, and the judge exclaims, "But the sheep, I repeat—return to your sheep. I fear you are hardly in your senses. Collect yourself, I beg, and—return to your sheep."

Patelin. Your worship is quite right. He does not know what he is talking about.

Guillaume.—Indeed but I do. He has, as I before stated, stolen twenty-six sheep; and this morning, instead of paying me for six ells of cloth, best superfine iron-gray—he—he—

The Judge. Stop, Monsieur Guillaume, not all the courts in the kingdom could, from your statement, be made to comprehend your affair. You accuse the shepherd of having stolen twenty-six sheep, and you interlard your plea with some extraordinary allusions to six yards of cloth, thirty crowns, and other matters perfectly irrelevant. [Guillaume attempts to speak about Patelin.] What! again? Come, sir, return to your sheep, or I must release the shepherd. But I had perhaps better interrogate him myself. Approach! What is your name?

Agnelet. Bée!

Guillaume. It is false! His name is Agnelet.

The Judge. Agnelet or Bée, it matters little. Tell me, is it true that your master left to your charge twenty-six sheep?

Agnelet. Bée.

The Judge. He is perhaps alarmed, poor fellow. Listen, and do not be afraid to answer. Did Monsieur Guillaume find you one night killing a sheep?

Agnelet. Bée!

The Judge. What an extraordinary mode of answering!

Patelin. The fact is, the prosecutor has so frequently beaten the poor fellow about the skull, that his intellects are disordered.

The Judge. You have acted very improperly, Monsieur Guillaume.

Guillaume. What! done wrong? When one has stolen my cloth and the other killed my sheep? Where are my thirty crowns?

The judge despairs of his ever returning to the sheep, and orders the case to be dismissed, leaving the unfortunate draper no redress either for the loss of his sheep or his cloth. The poor man quits the court in a transport of indignation, declaring, not without some degree of truth, that it is "*un jugement inique.*"

There is a sort of under-plot, the conclusion of which is, that Guillaume's son marries Patelin's daughter, which may be supposed to cancel the fraud on the ill-used draper. Towards the conclusion of the piece, there is a droll scene between the shepherd and Patelin, who, when demanding his fee, can get only a repetition of the sound "*Bée!*"—a retort which our readers will allow the advocate had properly earned by his rogues.

Such is the origin of the expression which heads this notice. The play became so popular, that the phrase *revenez à vos moutons* has been, ever since its appearance, in constant use when occasion serves for its introduction. When well performed, or well read, as we lately had the pleasure of hearing it, by M. Guillerez, in the course of some excellent lectures lately delivered by him on French literature in Edinburgh, it is felt to be one of the most successful pieces of drollery, and never fails to produce the greatest merriment in an audience.

"*L'Avocat Patelin*" has been transferred to the British stage under the title of the "*Village Lawyer*."

BLIND JACQUES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

An admirer of M. Eugene Sue, in a letter addressed to him in the *Journal des Débats*, expresses himself profoundly affected by the picture of the *Maitre d'Ecole*, in the *Mysteries of Paris*. But, he adds, "another image shapes itself before me—a living personage whom I have seen—an image which contrasts with yours in such a manner as to complete your idea. He is blind, like the *Maitre d'Ecole*; of the common class, and in the possession of all his strength and faculties, in the midst of his misfortune; yet he finds a support where the other finds an abyss; the same loss elevates him which sinks the other to nothing. Every step of the *Maitre d'Ecole* plunges him deeper into bondage and despair; for my hero, every moment that passes is a link fallen from his chain, a shadow chased from his soul. In a word, the one still seeks good; the other, evil: the one loves; the other hates."

The sketch, simple, and drawn from actual life, has in our eyes a touching and beautiful moral. Perhaps something of its force may be preserved in a translation.

E. F. E.

About a year since, in the month of December, two men, one young, the other on the verge of old age, were walking along a stony road in one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Paris. Coming towards them, and climbing the rough ascent, was a man hardened to a sort of dray laden with a cask; he held his head down, and beside him walked a little girl of eight years old, holding by the end of the dray. Suddenly one wheel rolled upon an enormous stone, and the dray was nearly overturned on the side next the girl.

"He is drunk!" cried the young man, rushing towards them; but when he looked into the man's face, he turned back quickly towards his old companion, and said, "He is blind!"

The other motioned him to be silent, came up, and, without a word, laid his hand on that of the drayman, while the little girl smiled roguishly. The blind man raised his head eagerly, his countenance lighted up with an expression of joy, and grasping the hand that touched his, he exclaimed, in a tone of emotion,—

"Monsieur Desgranges!"

"How!" cried the young man, surprised, "you recognize him by the touch of his hand!"

"I have no need of that; whenever he passes near me, I say to myself, 'That is his step!'"

And pressing the hand to his lips, "It is you again," he cried, "dear M. Desgranges, who have saved me from mischance; it is always you!"

"Why," asked the young man, "do you expose yourself to such accidents by drawing this cask?"

"One must do one's business, Monsieur," replied the drayman, cheerfully.

"Your business?"

"Certainly," answered M. Desgranges. "Jacques is our water-carrier; but I must scold him for going out without his wife to guide him."

"My wife was absent; and I brought the little girl; you see I have done well since I have met you, dear M. Desgranges, and you have assisted me."

"Allons, Jacques; finish serving your customers, and afterwards you may come to see me. I am going home."

"Thanks, Monsieur Desgranges! Adieu, monsieur! Adieu!"

And he went on, drawing his water-cask, while the little girl turned her smiling, rosy face to look at the gentleman.

"Blind, and a water-carrier!" repeated the young man, as they went on.

"Ah, you wonder at our Jacques, my young friend! Yes, it is something remarkable; but what would you think if you knew his history?"

"Will you tell it me?"

"Willingly. It contains no uncommon events, and no dramatic incidents; but I believe you will be interested, for it is the story of a soul—a noble one—struggling against calamity. You may observe how, step by step, the victim climbs out of the abyss, and renews his life; how a crushed heart gradually recovers his vigour, and the helpless man finds he has yet a place in the world."

The friends had arrived at the house of M. Desgranges, when he commenced the story:

One morning, three years ago, I was walking across the extensive dry plain that separates our village from that of Noisemont, and is partly covered with blasted rocks. I heard a violent explosion; I looked, and at the distance of four or five hundred paces saw a whitish smoke that seemed to rise from a cavity in the ground. Fragments of the rock at the same time were thrown into the air; a moment after, I heard dreadful cries, and a man sprang out of the cavity, and ran across the field like one insane, flinging his arms wildly about, uttering cries of pain, and stumbling almost at every step. His face, as well as I could perceive at a distance, and amidst his rapid movements, seemed covered by a large red mask. I hastened towards him, while from the direction of Noisemont came running men and women, with screams of terror. I was the first to reach the unhappy man; and saw with horror that his whole head was one frightful wound. His skull was laid bare; the skin was torn from his forehead and part of his face; and the blood streamed in torrents from his torn garments. As I took hold of his arm, a woman ran towards him, followed by twenty peasants, exclaiming, "Jacques, Jacques!" The unfortunate man answered not, but struggled to escape from our hands, and as he did so, scattered the blood in every direction. "Ah! ah!" cried the woman, in a voice of heart-rending anguish, "it is he!" She had recognized him by a large silver pin that fastened his shirt.

"It was indeed her husband, the father of three children, a poor miner, who, in blasting a rock, had received the whole explosion in his face, and was blinded, mutilated, perhaps mortally wounded."

"He was carried home. I was obliged the same day to leave for a month's absence; but I sent him our doctor, a man who united the scientific knowledge of the city practitioners to the kindness of a country physician. On my return, when I asked him how was the blind man, he answered: 'He is lost. His wounds are healed; his head is uninjured; only his sight is gone; but he will not live. Despair will kill him. I shall never see again!' is all he says continually. I fear that an internal inflammation has already begun."

"I hastened to the invalid; I shall never forget the sight that presented itself. He was seated on a wooden stool beside the chimney, in which there was no fire, a white handkerchief bound over his eyes; on the ground was lying, asleep, an infant three months old; a little girl, four years of age, was playing in the ashes; another, a little older, was shivering in the opposite corner; and at the other side of the room, his wife was seated on the bed, pale, emaciated, her arms hanging down. There was more of misery in the scene than met the eye. The conviction struck on my heart, that perhaps for hours not a word had been uttered in this abode of despair. The wife sat listless, and seemed no longer to care for anything in the world. They were not merely unhappy, they had lost all hope. At the sound of my footsteps, as I entered, both rose, but without speaking."

"You are the blind man of the quarry?" I asked.

"Yes! Monsieur."

"I have come to see you."

"Thanks, Monsieur."

"You have suffered a great misfortune."

"Yes! Monsieur."

"His voice was cold, and betrayed no emotion. He answered mechanically. He expected nothing from any one in the world. I said something of public sympathy, and of aid to be extended."

"Aid!" exclaimed the woman, in a kind of desperation; "they owe us aid, indeed! We ought to be relieved, for we have done nothing to deserve such a stroke as this! My children must not be suffered to die of hunger!"

"She asked no charity; she claimed succour as a right. This imperious appeal touched me more forcibly than any lamentations she could have employed; and I emptied into my hand some pieces of silver from my purse; but her husband answered, in a tone of sullen despair, 'Let them die, the children, since I am never to see again!' There is a singular power in the tones of the human voice. I dropped my money again into my purse; I was ashamed to offer this chance aid; I felt that it was necessary to give more than a mere alms; that money could not restore contentment to that hearth. I returned home with my resolution fixed."

"But what could you do for them?" asked his young friend.

"What could I do?" replied M. Desgranges; "what could I do? Fifteen days after that interview, Jacques was saved; in a year he was in a way of earning his own support; and now he sings at his work."

"But how was this done?"

"How! By a means very natural; by — but stay, I think I hear him coming; yes, it is he. I will leave him to tell you himself his simple history. It will touch you more from his lips; it will embarrass me less, and his earnest and cordial manner will complete the effect of the narration."

A noise was heard without, of some one drawing off his sabots at the door, and presently a light knock was heard.

"Come in, Jacques."

He entered with his wife.

"I have brought Julianne this time, dear M. Desgranges; the poor woman is so happy to see you again for a little while."

"It is very well, Jacques; sit down."

He advanced, feeling before him with his stick, so that he should not run against any of the chairs, and having found one, seated himself. He was young, and of a slight figure, but strongly made. His dark hair curled over an open and expansive forehead. His features were prepossessing, and animated by a cheerful expression, particularly when he showed his white teeth in smiling. His wife remained standing just behind him.

"Jacques," said M. Desgranges; "here is one of my good friends who wished much to see you."

"He is an excellent person since he is your friend."

"You must talk with him while I go to see my geraniums; but you must not be sad; remember, I have forbidden that."

"No, no! my dear friend!"

This expression of affection struck the young man; and, after his friend had gone out, he approached the blind visitor.

"You love M. Desgranges?"

"Do I love him?" repeated the blind man, impetuously. "Monsieur! he saved me from hell! I was lost; my children had no bread; I was dying of despair; he saved me!"

"He gave you money?"

"Money! what is that? Everybody gives money! Yes! he nourished and clothed us; he made a collection of five hundred francs. But all that is nothing. It is he who healed my heart!"

"And how?"

"By his good words, Monsieur! Yes! he, a person so excellent and honourable, he came every day to my poor hovel; he sat down on my bench and talked with me for an hour, two hours, that he might make me happy."

"What did he say to you?"

"I cannot tell; I am but a stupid fellow; and you must ask him to repeat what he said; but it was all about things I had never heard of before. He spoke to me of the good God better than a priest. It was he who taught me how to sleep again!"

"How was that?"

"I had not had a night's sleep for two months, for whenever I began to doze, I would awake, saying to myself, 'Jacques, thou art blind!' and then my head would whirl and whirl like a madman's; and that was killing me. One morning he came in—that dear friend—and said to me: 'Jacques, do you believe in God? Well, to-night, when you strive in vain to sleep, and the idea of your misfortune takes hold of your mind, repeat a prayer aloud, then two, or three, and you shall see that you will go to sleep.'"

"Yes!" said his wife, with her calm voice; "the good God then gave him sleep."

"That is not all, Monsieur! I was going to kill myself! I said, 'Jacques, thou art useless to thy family; thou art a burden; a sick woman in the house!' But he said, 'Is it not you who still support your family? Had you not been blind, would any one have given them five hundred francs?'"

"That is true, M. Desgranges."

"If you had not been blind, would any one have taken care of your children?"

"True, Monsieur!"

"If you had not been blind, would you have been loved so much as you are?"

"True, Monsieur, it is true!"

"Observe, Jacques, every family has to bear some misfortune. Disaster is like the rain; something of it must fall on every head. If you were not blind, your wife would, perhaps, be an invalid, or you would lose one of your children; in place of that, it is you, my poor friend, who have all the suffering; they are spared."

"True, true!" and I began to feel less depressed; I felt happy to suffer for them. Afterwards he said, 'My dear Jacques, misfortune is man's greatest enemy or his best friend. There are persons whom it renders wicked; there are others whom it makes better. I wish it would cause you to love everybody; to be so kind, so grateful, so affectionate, that when people are talking of the good, they may say, 'Be as good as the poor blind man of Noisemont. That will serve as a portion to your daughter.' Thus he gave me courage to be happy."

"Yes! but when he was not with you?"

"Ah! when he was not there, I had, indeed, very gloomy moments; I thought of my eyes, and of the blessing of sight. Ah!" Jacques continued, mournfully, "if God should permit me ever to see again, I would never lose a moment of the precious daylight!"

"Jacques, Jacques!" said his wife.

"You are right, Julianne! He has forbidden me to be sorrowful. He always observed it, Monsieur. Would you believe, whenever my head has been bad during the night, and he comes in the morning, at the first glance he always says, 'Jacques, you have been thinking of that;' and then he scolds me, that dear friend that he is."

"Yes," added the blind man, with a smile, "and I like to hear him, for he cannot speak harshly even if he would."

"And how came you to think of making yourself a water-carrier?"

"It was he who thought of it. How should I have any ideas? I was cured of my great distress, but I began to be weary of myself. Only thirty-two years old, and to sit all day upon a bench! Then he undertook to instruct me, and told me a great many Bible histories; the history of Joseph, of David, and many others; which he made me repeat after him. But my head was hard, for it had not been used to learn; and I grew every day more weary of my arms and legs."

"And he tormented us all like a *loup garou*," said his wife, laughing.

"All true," answered the husband, also laughing. "I became wicked. Then he came to me, and said, 'Jacques, I must put you to work.' I showed him my poor burned hands. 'I know it; I have bought you a stock in trade.' 'Me! Monsieur Desgranges!' 'Yes, Jacques, a stock where you need deposit nothing, and yet you will always find merchandise.' 'It has cost you much, Monsieur!' 'Nothing at all, mon gargon.' 'Where is it?' 'In the river.' 'The river! Will you have me turn fisherman?' 'No, you shall carry water.' 'Carry water! but my eyes!' 'What do you want with them?' said he. 'Have the brewers' horses any? When one has them, they do service; when one has them not, one must do without them. Allons, you shall be a water-carrier.' 'But a cask?' 'I will provide one for you.' 'But a dray?' 'I have ordered one from the wheelwright.' 'But customers?' 'I will give you my custom in the first place, eighteen francs a month; (that dear friend! he paid as dear for water as wine!) and besides, I will have no more

said about it; I have dismissed my water-carrier, and you would not have my wife and me die of thirst! That dear Madame Desgranges, indeed! Go, mon gargon, in three days, to work! and you, Madame Jacques, come along! and he took Julianne—

"Yes, monsieur," interrupted the woman, "he took me, and put on the leather straps, and harnessed me; we were quite bewildered, Jacques and I. But who can hold back against Monsieur Desgranges? At the end of three days there we were; Jacques harnessed and drawing the cart with his cask of water, and I following and directing him how to go! We were ashamed at first as we went through the village, as if we had done something wrong; it seemed that everybody was going to laugh at us; but there was M. Desgranges in the street, crying, 'Allons, Jacques, courage!' we went on; and in the evening he put into our hands a small piece of silver, saying—"

"Saying," cried the blind man, with emotion, 'Jacques, here are twenty sous which you have earned to-day.' Earned, monsieur, think of that! Earned! And for the last fifteen months I had been eating the bread of charity! It is good to receive from good persons, truly; but the bread earned by one's own hands, let it be never so coarse, nourishes the best! I was no longer a useless person, a burthen! but a workman! Jacques earns his living!" A kind of rapture spread itself over his face.

"How!" asked the young man, "does this occupation bring you enough to live upon?"

"Not entirely, monsieur; I have yet another business."

"Another business?"

"Oh, yes! the river is sometimes frozen over, and the water-carriers, as M. Desgranges says, have but poor encouragement; he has given me a business for winter as well as summer."

"A business for winter?"

At this moment M. Desgranges came in; Jacques heard him, and asked, "Is it not true, monsieur, that I have another business besides that of carrying water?"

"Certainly."

"And what?"

"He is a wood-sawyer."

"A wood-sawyer! How is that possible? How can you measure the length of your sticks, or manage the saw, or cut the wood without hurting yourself?"

"Hurting myself, monsieur?" replied the blind man, with a look of honest pride; "you shall hear. In the first place, I used to saw wood, and I understood the business; the rest I have learned. Suppose a quantity of wood under the shed, at the left; my saw and knee-covering before me; and the wood to be sawn in three pieces. I take a string; I cut it one-third the length of the wood; there is a measure. I am careful and expert; and so I saw a good part of the wood used in the village."

"Besides," added M. Desgranges, "he is a capital messenger."

"A messenger!" repeated the young man, surprised.

"Yes, monsieur; when I have a message to carry to Melon, I take my little girl on my shoulders, and away we go! She sees for me; I walk for her; and those who meet me, say, 'There is a man who has his eyes very high! to which I answer, 'It is to see the further. And in the evening I come home with twenty sous more in my pocket.'"

"Are you not afraid of stumbling against the stones?"

"I lift my feet high enough to avoid them; and now that I am used to it, I come often, from Noisemont hither, alone."

"Alone! How do you find your way?"

"I take the wind when I start from home, and that serves me for the sun."

"But the puddles?"

"I know them."

"The walls?"

"I feel them. When I come near anything solid, monsieur, the air is less fresh against my face. Not that I always escape some pretty hard knocks; for example, when a handcart is left standing in the street, and I come upon it without warning! But, bah! what matters that? Then I have been so unlucky as to lose myself—as the day before yesterday—"

"You have not told me of that, Jacques," said M. Desgranges.

"I was very much puzzled, my dear friend. While I was here, the wind changed; I was not aware of it, and kept on my course, till, at the end of a quarter of an hour, I found I had lost myself somewhere on the plain of Noisemont. You know the plain; not a house—not a passer-by; I dared not stir. I sat down on the ground, and listened; after a few moments I heard at a short distance the sound of running water. I said to myself, it is the river! I groped my way, guided by the sound; I came to the water; it was the river. By dipping in my hand, I thought I could find which way the water ran. Then I could follow it, and come home."

"Bravo, Jacques!"

"Ah, the water was so low, and the current so weak, I could not feel it against my hand. I put in the end of my stick, but it did not move. I scratched my head, bewildered; then cried, I am a fool! where is my handkerchief? I tied it on the end of my stick, dropped it in the water, and found that it moved slowly, very slowly, to the right! Noisemont was on the right! I arrived there safely, just as Julianne was beginning to be anxious about me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young man, "this is admirable!" But M. Desgranges checked him hastily, and leading him to the other end of the room, whispered, "Silence! do not corrupt by a thought of pride the simplicity of this honest man. Observe, how calm and tranquil is his face, after the story which has affected you. Do not spoil him by admiration."

"It is most touching!" replied he in a low voice.

"Truly; and yet that does not constitute his superiority. A thousand blind men might have been ingenious in finding resources; there are no limits to the devices of the human mind; but this is a work of the heart. It is the heart that, in this case, opened itself so quickly to elevating consolations. It was the heart which reconciled him to his unfortunate lot—which accepted a new life. Be not led into error; it is not I who have saved him; it is his affection for me. His warm gratitude has filled his being, and sustained him; he is restored, because he has loved!"

At this moment Jacques rose softly, hearing their voices, and with a kind of delicate discretion, said to his wife,

"Let us go, without making any noise."

"You are going, Jacques?"

"I interrupt you, my dear M. Desgranges."

"No, stay longer," said his benefactor, and approached, cordially extending his hand. The blind man seized and pressed it to his breast.

"My dear, kind friend!" he cried, "you permit me to stay longer with you! you know how happy it makes me to be with you. Whenever I am melancholy,

I say to myself, Jacques, the good God, because thou hast suffered much, will perhaps place thee in the same paradise with Monsieur Desgranges, and the thought gives me joy again."

The young man laughed, in spite of himself, at this expression of regard.

"You laugh, Monsieur? And is it not he who has made Jacques a man again? I have never seen him, but his image is always before me. Oh, if God should ever give me my eyes again, I would gaze upon him always, like the sun, till he said to me, 'Jacques, go away, thou weariest me! but he would not say so, he is too good.'"

"Jacques! Jacques!" said M. Desgranges gravely, interrupting him. But the blind man went on:

"I rejoice when I know he is in the village; I dare not come thither as often as I wish, but I pass before the house, which always stands there; and when he is gone on a journey, I make Julianne lead me to the plain of Noisemont, and bid her turn me in the direction in which he has gone, that I may breathe the same air with him."

M. Desgranges placed his hand on his mouth, but Jacques escaped from the restraint.

"You are right, Monsieur Desgranges; my mouth is a fool, it is only my heart that can speak. Come, wife," continued he, gaily, and wiping away the tears that rolled from his sightless eyeballs, "we must go and get supper for the young ones. Adieu my dear, kind friend! Adieu, Monsieur—"

And he went out, feeling before him with his stick. As he put his hand upon the latch M. Desgranges called him back.

"I have a piece of news yet that will please you, Jacques," said he. "I had intended to leave the village this year, but I have just agreed upon a lease of five years with my landlady."

"There, Julianne," said the blind man turning to his wife; "did I not tell thee he intended to go away?"

"How did you know it? I forbade every one to say anything to you about it."

"Yes—but—he placed his hand upon his heart, "this informed me. I heard a few words, a month ago, which caused me some trouble in my mind; and then, Monsieur, last Sunday, your landlady called me, and spoke to me in a manner much more kind and friendly than usual. Afterwards I said to my wife, 'now I know that Monsieur Desgranges is certainly going to leave us, that woman wanted to console me.'"

Jacques departed a few moments after.

Democratic Review.

THE CAMPAIGN IN 1815.

[Continued.]

"The result of the proceedings on the 15th was highly favorable to Napoleon. He had completely effected the passage of the Sambre; he was operating with the main portion of his forces directly upon the preconceived point of concentration of Blücher's army, and was already in the immediate front of the chosen position, before that concentration could be accomplished; he was also operating with another portion upon the high road to Brussels, and had come in contact with the left of Wellington's troops; he had also placed himself so far in advance upon this line, that even a partial junction of the forces of the allied commanders was already rendered a hazardous operation, without a previous retrograde movement; and he thus had it in his power to bring the principal weight of his arms against the one, whilst, with the remainder of his force, he held the other at bay. This formed the grand object of his operations on the morrow. But however excellent, or even perfect, this plan of operation may appear in theory, still there were other circumstances which, if taken into consideration, would scarcely seem to warrant a well-grounded anticipation of a successful issue. Napoleon's troops had been constantly under arms, marching, and fighting since two o'clock in the morning, the hour at which they broke up from their position at Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Philippeville, within the French frontier: they required time for rest and refreshment; they lay widely scattered between their advanced posts and the Sambre; Ney's forces were in detached bodies, from Frasne as far as Marchienne-au-Pont, the halting place of d'Erlon's corps; and although Vandamme's corps was in the wood of Fleurus, Lobau's corps, and the guards were halted at Charleroi, and Gérard's corps at Châtelet. Hence, instead of an imposing advance, with the first glimmering of the dawn of the 16th, the whole morning would necessarily be employed by the French in effecting a closer junction of their forces, and in making their preparatory dispositions for attack; an interval of time invaluable to the Allies, by the greater facility which it afforded them for the concentration of a sufficient force to hold their enemy in check, and to frustrate his design of defeating them in detail."

"In taking a calm retrospect of the dispositions made by Napoleon on the night of the 15th of June, we become strongly impressed with a conviction, that to the laxity of these dispositions, to the absence which they indicated of that energetic perseverance and restless activity which characterized the most critical of his operations in former wars, may, in a very great degree, be attributed the failure of the campaign on the part of the French. The great advantages derived by Napoleon from the result of his operations during the 15th, have already been set forth: but of what avails were those advantages to him, if he neglected the requisite measures for effectually retaining them within his grasp; or if, having secured them, he hesitated in following them up with the promptitude and energy which their complete development demanded of him? His position, if judged by that of his most advanced forces, was all that could be desired; but, by fatally neglecting to concentrate the remainder of his troops in the immediate support of that advance, the important advantages which such a position held forth were completely neutralized. Doubtless the troops required rest; but, if one portion required it more than another, it was that which now lay most in advance: they had performed the longest march, and had withstood, in addition, the whole brunt of the action; so that there was no reason whatever why the remainder of the French army should not have been so far advanced as to afford direct support to the important position taken up by the leading divisions; that which had been so successfully effected by the heads of the columns, might have been attained with infinitely greater ease and security by the masses which followed. And even supposing that serious impediments stood in the way of the full accomplishment of this concentration, such as the usual delays occasioned by the lengthening out of the columns of march, to what did they amount in comparison with so many brilliant instances of what had been overcome by the noble and heroic efforts of a French army headed by Napoleon?"

These observations are characterized by great force and military knowledge. The same vigor and activity that marked the operations of the 14th and 15th, if carried on to the following day, would have probably given a different destiny to Europe. Only one of Blücher's corps had arrived on

the chosen position of Ligny—Pirch's was six, Thielemann's fifteen miles distant, Bulow's full sixty. The leading divisions of the imperial army were not more than from two to three miles from the Prussian advanced posts. Hence every thing was in his favor; and had a concentration of the French right then taken place, and an attack been made, victory was certain; whilst Ney would either have been enabled to secure Quatre-Bras before the arrival of the British, or would have supported the Emperor's left in a combined movement on Wellington. Instead of this, what happened? The Emperor, expecting to hear the cannon of Ney's attack, did not begin the battle till three in the afternoon, whilst Ney did not advance with vigor against Quatre-Bras till after two o'clock, when Wellington's reserves had arrived to support the forces thus engaged.

"Between eleven and twelve o'clock the Duke of Wellington arrived in person at Quatre-Bras. He reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and conceiving that the latter was not in any great force at Frasnée, while, at the same time, accounts reached him that Prince Blücher, in his position at Ligny, was menaced by the advance of considerable masses, he shortly afterwards rode off to hold a conference with the Prussian commander, whom he found at the windmill of Bussy, between Ligny and Bry; whence he had an opportunity of observing the French preparatory dispositions for attack. These having led the Duke to conclude that Napoleon was bringing the main force of his army to bear against Blücher, he at once proposed to assist the Prince by first advancing straight upon Frasnée and Gosselies, as soon as he should have concentrated sufficient force, and then operating upon the enemy's left and rear, which would afford a powerful diversion in favor of the Prussians, from the circumstance that their right wing was the weakest and most exposed, and considering the objects of Napoleon's movements. Upon a calculation being made, however, of the time which would elapse ere the Duke would be able to collect the requisite force for undertaking this operation, and of the possibility of Blücher being defeated before it could be carried into effect, it was considered preferable that Wellington should, if possible, move to the support of the Prussian right by the Namur road. A direct support of this kind, however, was necessarily contingent on circumstances, and subject to the Duke's discretion. The latter having expressed his confident expectation of being enabled to afford the desired support, as also of his succeeding in concentrating, very shortly, a sufficient force to assume the offensive, rode back to Quatre-Bras."

Ten thousand Dutch and Belgians, under the command of the Prince of Orange, were now attacked by Ney's advanced column, consisting of eight 16,000 infantry and 1,800 sabres, with 38 guns. The impetuosity of the French attack, and the preponderance of their force, soon drove back the Dutch-Belgian troops, who retired within the wood of Bossu, still preserving, however, the post of Gemioncourt.

"It was about half-past two, or perhaps a quarter before three o'clock, when the Prince of Orange, whose situation had become extremely critical, as he directed his anxious looks towards that point of the horizon which was bounded by the elevated ground about Quatre-Bras, had the inexpressible satisfaction of recognizing, by their deep red masses, the arrival of British troops upon the field.

"These comprised the 5th infantry division, commanded by Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Picton, and consisting of the 8th British brigade, under Major-General Sir James Kempt, the 9th British brigade, under Major-General Sir Denis Pack, and of the 4th Hanoverian brigade, under Colonel Best. The head of the column, leaving Quatre-Bras on its right, turned down the Namur road, along which the division was speedily drawn up; the British brigades in front, and the Hanoverian brigade in second line. Captain von Reuberg's battery of Hanoverian foot artillery took post on the right, and Major Rogers's battery of British foot artillery on the left of the division. The 1st battalion of the 95th British regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir Andrew Barnard, was despatched in haste towards the village of Piermont, of which it was to endeavor to gain possession.

"The French, on perceiving the arrival of the British infantry, opened a furious cannonade from their batteries with a view to disturb its formation, while Ney, anxious to secure the vantage-ground of a field which, he plainly foresaw, was likely to become the scene of a severe contest, renewed his attack upon Gemioncourt, still bravely defended by the 5th Dutch militia. Hereupon, Perponcher, having received an order to advance this battalion along the high road, immediately placed himself at its head, as did also the Prince of Orange himself, who rode up to it at the same moment; but it soon became exposed to a most destructive fire of artillery, from which it suffered an immense loss, while the French infantry succeeded in obtaining possession of the farm, in which they firmly established themselves.

"The Duke of Wellington, who had returned to Quatre-Bras from the Prussian position, shortly before the arrival of Picton's division, was so much alive to the importance of maintaining Gemioncourt and its inclosures, that he gave directions for its immediate occupation by a British regiment, but the one destined for this service having, by some accident, been otherwise disposed of, some delay occurred, and the 28th British regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir Charles Philip Belson, was then marched down towards that point, under the guidance of Lieut.-Colonel Gomm, on the staff of the 5th division. As the battalion approached the farm, the latter was discovered to be already occupied by the French, whereupon it was withdrawn to its division.

"The 3d Dutch-Belgian light cavalry brigade, under General Van Merle, had shortly before this reached the field, and now advanced to the support of the Dutch infantry retiring from Gemioncourt, but they were met and defeated by Piré's cavalry, and pursued along the high road nearly to Quatre-Bras, where they arrived in great disorder, a portion of them coming in contact with the Duke of Wellington himself, and carrying his Grace along with them to the rear of Quatre-Bras. The latter, however, succeeded in arresting their further flight, and in bringing them again to the front. The French cavalry did not, on this occasion, follow up the pursuit, evidently hesitating to approach very near to the allied infantry, the latter appearing well-formed, and fully prepared to receive them. The Dutch-Belgian infantry retreated to the wood of Bossu, abandoning the three guns to the enemy, who closely pursued them, and now began to penetrate into the wood.

"Meanwhile, Bachelin, on the French right, threw a considerable force into Piermont, in sufficient time to secure its possession before the 1st battalion 95th British regiment had approached the village, and was pushing forward another strong body towards a small wood that lay still more in advance, on the opposite side of the Namur high road, the possession of which, along with that of Piermont, would have effectually cut off the direct communication between Quatre-Bras and Ligny. Here, for the first time in this campaign, the troops of the two nations became engaged. The skirmishers who successfully checked the further advance of the French, and secured the wood, were the 1st battalion of the British 95th Rifles, whom the old campaigners of the French army, at least those who had served in the Peninsula, had so frequently found the foremost in the fight, and of whose

peculiarly effective discipline and admirable training they had had ample experience.

The cannonade which had opened against the 5th British division as it took up its ground, continued with unabated vigour. The French light troops were now observed advancing from the inclosures that skirted the foot of their position, and to meet them the light companies of the different regiments of Picton's division were immediately thrown forward. On the French extreme right all further progress was checked by the gallant manner in which the 1st battalion 95th British regiment, though opposed by a much superior force, retained possession of the Namur road, which they lined with their skirmishers, while the wood in rear was occupied by the battalion-reserve and the 2nd Brunswick light battalion. On the French left, however, the incessant rattle of musketry in the wood of Bossu plainly indicated by its gradual approach in the direction of Quatre-Bras, that the Dutch-Belgian infantry, notwithstanding their vast superiority in numbers, were yielding to the fierce onset of the enemy in that quarter.

"The protection which the French would derive from the possession of the eastern portion of this wood for the advance of their masses over the space between it and the Charleroi road, instantly became apparent to the British commander; in fact, the previous pursuit of the Dutch-Belgian cavalry along this road proved the expediency of establishing some restraint to such facility for a hostile advance in that direction; and he therefore requested the Duke of Brunswick to take up a position with a part of his corps between Quatre-Bras and Gemioncourt, so as to have his left resting upon the road, and his right communicating with Perponcher's division, part of which was deployed along the skirt of the wood. The Duke of Brunswick immediately ordered forward the guard-battalion, (under Major von Proster, the 1st line-battalion, (under Major Metzner,) and the two light companies of the advanced-guard-battalion, which he posted in close columns upon, and contiguous to, the road, on the ground indicated, and threw out a line of skirmishers connecting these columns with the two jager-companies in the wood. As an immediate support to the infantry, he stationed the Brunswick hussars (under Major von Cramm) and lancers (under Major Pott) in a hollow in their rear; while, as a reserve to the whole, the 2nd and 3rd line-battalions (under Major von Strombeck and Major von Norrmann) were posted "en cremaillere" contiguously to the house of Quatre-Bras, which important point they were to defend to the last extremity.

"Whilst this disposition on the Anglo-allied right was in progress, two heavy French columns were observed descending into the valley below Gemioncourt, where, under cover of the strong line of skirmishers which had been for some time engaged with those of Picton's division, they were divided into separate smaller columns of attack.

"The cannonade from the French heights, which now sensibly quickened, was telling fearfully amidst the 5th British division; and a fresh impulse having been given to the enemy's light troops by the near approach of their own attacking columns, the British skirmishers, overpowered by numbers only, were seen darting, alternately and at short distances, to the rear, through the line of smoke that had been raised midway between the contending armies. At this critical moment, when the rapid progress of the French in the wood of Bossu, and their imposing advance against his left wing, threatened to compromise his disposal of the Brunswick troops on the right of the Charleroi road, Wellington, by one of those electric inspirations of his master-mind, with which he had been wont in former campaigns to frustrate the best-devised plans of his opponents, resolved not to await the attack, but to meet it. He instantly ordered the advance of Kempt's and Pack's brigades, with the exception of the 92nd regiment, which (under the command of Lieut. Colonel Cameron) was to continue at its post on the Namur road close to Quatre-Bras.

"During the advance of these two brigades, which was made with admirable steadiness and in the best order, the skirmishers fell back upon their respective battalions, all of which now presented a clear front to the enemy. From the heads of Ney's columns, as well as from the thick lines of skirmishers by which they were connected, a severe and destructive fire was opened and maintained against the British line, along which the gallant Picton, the far-famed leader of the no less renowned 'fighting division' of the British army in the Peninsular campaigns, was seen galloping from one regiment to another, encouraging his men, and inciting them by his presence and example. The troops significantly responded to his call by those loud and animating shouts with which British soldiers are wont to denote their eagerness to close with their enemies. The interval between the adverse lines was rapidly diminishing; the fire from the French suddenly began to slacken; hesitation, quickly succeeded by disorder, became apparent in their ranks; and then it was, that, animating each other with redoubled cheers, the British regiments were seen to lower their bristling bayonets, and, driving every thing before them, to pursue their opponents down to the outer fence of the valley, whence the French line had advanced in the full confidence of triumph."

While these events were occurring on the British left, a tremendous fire was opened on the Brunswick troops then standing in line from a French battery of guns on the heights. The brave Duke of Brunswick, who coolly continued to smoke his pipe in front of the line, at last became impatient at the carnage of his gallant followers, and sent a request to the duke for some pieces of cannon. Four guns were accordingly sent him; but before they had fired above three or four rounds, the enemy's cannonade was redoubled. Two of the guns were disabled, and several of the horses killed. At the same time two columns of French infantry were seen approaching along the skirt of the Bois de Bossu. The duke charged these at the head of his lancers; but a destructive fire drove him back, and he drew off his men to the rear of Quatre Bras. The overpowering masses of the enemy which now came on, induced the duke to retire his infantry towards the allied line on the Namur road. In effecting this movement, the troops became exposed to a perfect shower of grape; the cavalry also tore down upon them; they broke and fled—some through Quatre Bras, and others through the Anglo-Allied line; and it was in attempting to rally his soldiers he was struck by a musket-ball, and fell from his horse. The bullet had entered his wrist, and passed diagonally through his body. He looked up once, and recognized those about him; he then asked for water; but none could be procured at the moment. There was a delay in finding a surgeon; and when at last he came, the brave prince had breathed his last. It was the death of a soldier, and well became one of his glorious house.

The Brunswick hussars were ordered forward to cover the retreating infantry; but overborne by the cuirassiers, they fell back in confusion.

"To the 42nd Highlanders and 44th British regiment, which were posted on a reversed slope, and in line, close upon the left of the above road, the advance of French cavalry was so sudden and unexpected, the more so as the Brunswickers had just moved on to the front, that as both these bodies whirled past them to the rear, in such close proximity to each other, they were, for the moment, considered to consist of one mass of Allied cavalry. Some of

the old soldiers of both regiments were not so easily satisfied on this point, and immediately opened a partial fire obliquely upon the French lancers, which, however, Sir Denis Pack and their own officers endeavoured as much as possible to restrain; but no sooner had the latter succeeded in causing a cessation of the fire, than the lancers, which were the rearmost of the cavalry, wheeled sharply round, and advanced in admirable order directly upon the rear of the two British regiments. The 42nd Highlanders having, from their position, been the first to recognize them as a part of the enemy's forces, rapidly formed square; but just as the two flank companies were running in to form the rear face, the lancers had reached the regiment, when a considerable portion of their leading division penetrated the square, carrying along with them, by the impetus of their charge, several men of those two companies, and creating a momentary confusion. The long-trying discipline and steadiness of the Highlanders, however, did not forsake them at this critical juncture; these lancers, instead of effecting the destruction of the square, were themselves fairly hemmed into it, and either bayoneted or taken prisoners, whilst the endangered face, restored as if by magic, successfully repelled all further attempts on the part of the French to complete their expected triumph. Their commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Sir Robert Macara, was killed on this occasion, a lance having pierced through his chin until it reached the brain: and within the brief space of a few minutes, the command of the regiment devolved upon three other officers in succession—Lieut. Colonel Dick, who was severely wounded, Brevet Major Davidson, who was mortally wounded, and Brevet Major Campbell, who commanded it during the remainder of the campaign.

"If this cavalry attack had fallen so unexpectedly upon the 42nd Highlanders, still less had it been anticipated by the 44th regiment. Lieut. Colonel Hamerton, perceiving that the lancers were rapidly advancing against his rear, and that any attempt to form square would be attended with imminent danger, instantly decided upon receiving them in line. The lowthundering sound of their approach was heard by his men before a conviction they were French flashed across the minds of any but the old soldiers who had previously fired at them as they passed their flank. Hamerton's words of command were—'Rear rank, right about face!'—'Make ready!'—(a short pause to admit of the still nearer approach of the cavalry)—'Present!'—'Fire!' The effect produced by this volley was astonishing. The men, aware of their perilous position, doubtless took a most deliberate aim at their opponents who were thrown into great confusion. Some few daring fellows made a dash at the centre of the battalion, hoping to capture the colours, in their apparently exposed situation; but the attempt, though gallantly made, was as gallantly defeated. The lancers now commenced a flight towards the French position by the flanks of the 44th. As they rushed past the left flank, the officer commanding the light company, who had very judiciously restrained his men from joining in the volley given to the rear, opened upon them a scattering fire; and no sooner did the lancers appear in the proper front of the regiment, when the front rank began in its turn to contribute to their overthrow and destruction.

"Never, perhaps, did British infantry display its characteristic coolness and steadiness more eminently than on this trying occasion. To have stood in a thin two-deep line, awaiting, and prepared to receive, the onset of hostile cavalry, would have been looked upon at least as a most hazardous experiment; but, with its rear so suddenly menaced, and its flanks unsupported, to have instantly faced only one rank about, to have stood as if rooted to the ground, to have repulsed its assailants with so steady and well-directed a fire that numbers of them were destroyed—this was a feat of arms which the oldest or best-disciplined corps in the world might have in vain hoped to accomplish; yet most successfully and completely was this achieved by the gallant 2nd battalion of the 44th British regiment, under its brave commander, Lieut. Colonel Hamerton."

And here now occurred one of those incidents which in daring are unsurpassed by any feat of ancient chivalry.

"A French lancer gallantly charged at the colours, and severely wounded Ensign Christie, who carried one of them, by a thrust of his lance, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the lower jaw. The Frenchman then endeavoured to seize the standard, but the brave Christie, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, with a presence of mind almost unequalled, flung himself upon it—not to save himself, but to preserve the honor of his regiment. As the color fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off a portion of the silk with the point of his lance; but he was not permitted to bear the fragment beyond the ranks. Both shot and bayoneted by the nearest of the soldiers of the 44th, he was borne to the earth, paying with the sacrifice of his life for his display of unavailing bravery."

On the British now it was evident the brunt of the battle must lie. Ney saw this, and taking advantage of Kellermann's arrival with the heavy cavalry brigade, he prepared a general attack. The French gunners, too, had accurately discovered the range for their guns, and played on the British line with fearful carnage. As the smoke cleared away from these discharges, a swooping sound was heard coming through the tall corn. It was the cavalry dashing down on the infantry, which, in two squares, awaited the advance.

The 42nd Highlanders and 44th British regiments stood, assailed by squadron after squadron, every face of the square attacked simultaneously, yet never flinching, they stood unbroken; every volley sending back their enemies beaten and discomfited. It was then that Picton, despairing of any assistance from the allied cavalry, then in the field, resolved on attacking the enemy's cavalry with his own old-trying infantry. Uniting the Royals and the 28th, he advanced boldly, desirous to take up a position from which he could open a flank fire to support the 44th; he never halted till the last moment, when the sound of cavalry required him to form a square, and then, a destructive volley poured in at pistol-range, sent back their assailants. When the cavalry fell back to form, the artillery opened its fire again, and played with terrific effect.

"In addition to the furious cannonade to which they were subjected, the foremost of Picton's British battalions more especially the 42nd and 44th regiments, were exposed to a rapid and destructive fire, which, as soon as the enemy's cavalry had been withdrawn, was opened upon them by the French troops advancing from the inclosures of Gemioncourt. To check this, skirmishers were thrown forward, but from the want of sufficient ammunition, they could reply but very feebly to the fire of their opponents, who, not suffering the same disadvantage, were picking them off as fast as they could load. Their line soon became fearfully thinned, and finally their ammunition was totally exhausted, to which circumstance the officer on whom the command of them had devolved [Lieutenant Riddock, 44th regiment] called the attention of Sir Denis Pack, who ordered him to close his men to their centre and to join his own regiment. He had just executed the first part of the order, when the French cavalry, having rallied and re-formed, renewed their attacks upon the British square. Squadrons of cuirassiers and lancers, in their onward course, swept past Lieutenant Riddock and his party, while

others intercepted his direct line of retreat. He instantly formed four deep, and with his front rank at the charge, he made good his way through the enemy's cavalry, as far as the south face of the square formed by the 44th regiment; which, however, was so hotly pressed at the moment as to be unable to receive him, whereupon he ordered his men to lie down close to the bayonets, until a favorable opportunity should offer for their admission within the square."

"It was now nearly five o'clock. The French infantry in the wood of Bossu was continually making progress towards the Namur road, across which increased numbers of the Dutch-Belgian troops, to whom the defence of the wood had been entrusted, were seen hastily retiring, some under the pretext of carrying wounded to the rear, but by far the greater portion as disorderly fugitives. In Piermont, the French light troops had been reinforced, and they were now evidently preparing for a more vigorous attack upon the extreme left of Wellington's forces; whilst certain movements in the vicinity of Gemioncourt gave intimation of an intended renewal of the attack upon Quatre-Bras. All prospects of the Anglo-allied cavalry encountering Ney's veteran dragoons with any chance of success had entirely vanished; whilst, on the other hand, the latter were on the point of being reinforced by the arrival of another cavalry-division. Pack's brigade had expended nearly the whole of its ammunition; its exposed position, and the continued cavalry-charges in its rear having precluded the transmission of the necessary supply. The Brunswickers had been greatly discouraged by the death of their gallant prince; and the losses sustained by all the troops engaged had already been truly frightful. It was at this very moment, when Wellington's situation had become so extremely critical, that two infantry brigades of the 3d division, under Lieut. General Count Alten, most opportunely reached the field of action by the Nivelles road."

At this moment, Ney's prospects were bright enough to promise success—when a despatch reached him, ordering him to detach the 1st corps towards St. Amand—and this at the moment when he required D'Erlon's corps, to counterbalance the reinforcements Wellington had received, and to give efficiency to his own general attack. Fresh troops came hourly to the support of the Anglo-allied army, a strong reinforcement of artillery, and not less important, the two brigades of Guards—which, arriving by the Nivelles road, came up to the most critical portion of the British position.

"The Prince of Orange, who had galloped along this road to meet the guards, immediately ordered the light companies under Lieut. Colonel Lord Saltoun, to enter the wood. They rushed forward with a loud cheer, and commenced a brisk fire on their opponents, who were soon made sensible of the superior description of force now brought against them. The remainder of the brigade speedily followed, and the loud, sharp, animated rattle of musketry, which was progressing rapidly into the very heart of the wood, imparted new life and vigor to the Anglo-allied troops on its eastern boundary, to whom in fact it served as a signal that on their right, as also in their rear, whence so shortly before they had just cause to apprehend imminent danger, all was now perfectly secure. Accordingly as the success of the British guards became more decided, those troops made a corresponding movement in advance. Halkett's brigade resumed its position along the little rivulet, and the two Brunswick battalions continued boldly to advance even beyond this line, resting their right close upon the wood. The 92nd Highlanders, whose loss had been so severe, were withdrawn through the wood to Quatre-Bras. In the meantime, Byng's brigade had closely followed up Maitland's in support, having previously sent forward its light companies under Lieut. Colonel Macdonell round by Quatre-Bras, skirting the eastern border of the wood. The spirited and determined nature of the advance of the British guards not admitting of that restraint which, considering the many intricate parts of the wood, was essential for the preservation of order, led to great confusion in their ranks by the time they reached the southern extremity, after having fairly driven out the French; and in this state they ventured to pursue the enemy on the open ground, but were quickly repulsed by his reserves; and the French artillery poured so destructive a fire into this portion of the wood, that Maitland deemed it advisable to withdraw the 2nd battalion (under Colonel Askew) to the rivulet, where it was immediately joined from the rear by the other battalion of his brigade (the 3rd, under Colonel the Hon. William Stuart).

"The time which would have been occupied in restoring the order and regularity that had been so completely lost during the progress of these battalions through the wood, was considered too precious for that purpose at such a moment, and the brigade was ordered to form line to its left, outside the wood, the men falling in promiscuously as fast as they emerged from their cover, and extending the line into the plain between the wood and the Brussels road. Thus formed, the line advanced, though but for a short distance, when it opened and continued a brisk fire, under which the French infantry, in its immediate front, deployed with the utmost steadiness and gallantry. This advance had been followed by the Brunswick guard-battalion, which was now manoeuvring to form on the left of Maitland's brigade. The French cavalry, which had been watching for an opportunity to charge the brigade, now made a dash at its left flank. When the irregular formation of the latter, which has been already explained, is considered, it is evident that any attempt to form square at that moment would have involved the British guards in intricate confusion, and have rendered them an easy prey to the French horsemen. Rapid as was the advance of the latter, its object was frustrated in a manner which testifies the extraordinary discipline of the men of that brigade. Mere discipline it was not; it was an instinctive momentary impulse, which seemed to animate the whole corps with the sole conviction, that the only step to be taken, the only chance left for safety, consisted in a general and instantaneous movement to the ditch which bounded the wood on their right. This was accomplished with complete success, and the French cavalry, which had advanced in full confidence of an easy triumph, were hurled back in confusion by a volley from the ditch, which the brigade had lined with a rapidity, a dexterity, and a precision, quite wonderful: while at the same moment, the Brunswick battalion threw itself into square, and received the cavalry with a degree of coolness, steadiness, and gallantry, which won for it the warmest admiration and encomiums of the British who witnessed the manoeuvre. The flanking fire which was thus brought to bear so suddenly on the French cavalry by the Brunswickers, and the destructive front fire so deliberately poured in amongst them by the British guards from the ditch, fairly drove them out of this part of the field.

"The further advance upon the Anglo-allied left had, in the mean time, kept equal pace with that on the right. Ney had been compelled to yield the strongholds by aid of which he had hoped to force the Duke's position; his infantry had been driven out of Piermont and the inclosures in front of his right, as also out of the wood of Bossu on his left; while the plain between the two positions, over which his cavalry had executed innumerable charges—charges that were occasionally suspended merely that the scattered bands might rally afresh to renew the onslaught with redoubled vigor, and that his

artillery might pour upon the devoted squares its destructive missiles, by which each was shattered to its very centre—was now completely cleared from the presence of a single horseman.

"It was long after sunset, and darkness was sensibly approaching, when Wellington, now that his wings and centre were relieved, in the manner already described, from the severity of a pressure of such long duration, led forward his victorious troops to the foot of the French position. The loud shouts which proclaimed the triumphant advance of his forces on either flank were enthusiastically caught up and responded to by those who constituted the main central line, and who had so nobly and so resolutely withstood and defied the impetuous battle-shock by which they had been so repeatedly and so pertinaciously assailed.

"Ney, convinced of the utter futility, if not imminent hazard, of protracting the contest, withdrew the whole of his forces, and concentrated them on the heights of Frasné, throwing out a strong line of picquets, to which Wellington opposed a corresponding line, having the southern extremity of the wood of Bossu on the right, the inclosures south of Piermont on the left, and Gemioncourt in the centre, for its main supports."

Thus ended Quatre-Bras, one of the most bloody battles, for the number of troops engaged, of which we have a record. The brunt of the day was sustained by the infantry, which, totally unaided by any cavalry, were exposed to the charges of the French horse, led on by such a general as Kellermann.

Had Ney not been weakened by the withdrawal of D'Erlon's corps, there is little doubt he would have succeeded in obtaining most important results. As it was, he had prevented the junction of the British and Prussian armies, and totally destroyed all hope of affording the aid to Blücher which Wellington had that morning proffered him.

We must here conclude our present observations on this interesting work, to which we hope to return in our ensuing number of this magazine.

"NEVER WASTE BREAD."

The Dutch are a reflecting and sententious people; and one of them, according to the report of a gentleman who had lived long among them, defined education thus—"Every word a precept, every action an example." The Scotch, in their practice, seem very strictly to follow this definition; for with them example to the young is anxiously attended to, and instruction introduced upon every fitting opportunity. "Mind the bairns! mind the bairns!" would a late Presbyterian pastor settled in London say, when calling to chide any laziness in attending church; and

"The father mixes a' wi' admonition due,"

says Burns, in one of the most true and beautiful pictures of Scottish life ever drawn.

They give their instructions in various ways—by example, by precept, and by story. In humble and middle life in particular all are anxiously adhibited; for in these ranks generally the young person has nothing to look to but his or her good conduct; and often when strangers consider the young Scotchman or Scotchwoman as naturally wary and calculating, they are only following precepts, or reflecting on examples, anxiously impressed upon them by friends now far distant, and whose precepts have from that circumstance a sort of sacredness, for they are associated with all the deep and moving memories of home.

One of their earliest precepts is against unnecessary waste of anything; not from the natural and proper consideration that it is waste, and consequently an unnecessary and improper expense, but from the yet higher consideration that, however they themselves might be able to afford that waste, it is unlawful as others are concerned; as the rich cannot waste anything that they do not thereby render dear to the poor. And, above all things, they are apt to look with horror on the waste of human food, or indeed any food; first, from the trouble and toil it occasions to produce it; and next, because it is indispensable to existence. Bread in particular is recognised as the symbol of all subsistence, and is therefore termed "the staff of life." And as every Flemish child is taught to look with alarm on pulling up grass, as tending to destroy the tenacity of the soil, and consequently the security of the country which depends upon the maintenance of its dikes, so the Scottish child is taught to look with alarm on the waste of bread, because the want of that article is fatal, and in Scotland has been often felt.

The following little story, which the writer heard when very young from the lips of a revered relative, and has never forgotten, discloses also some other of the feelings peculiar to Scotland at that period:—"My father," she said, "was a tenant of the good but unfortunate Lord Pittligo. It was in the spring of the '45, immediately after the defeat of the prince's army at Culloden, and when the gentlemen out upon that unfortunate occasion, and many of the commons too, were hiding for their lives, that I, then a very young woman, was left in charge of the house, my father and all the servants being engaged at their seed-time, and my mother, who was delicate, being not yet out of bed. I was busy preparing breakfast, when a very old and infirm man came to the door, and in the humblest manner requested to be allowed to warm himself by the fire. He was trembling from cold, and I not only requested him to enter, but hastened to place a chair for him, and make the fire warmer for his use. After sitting a little time, he asked if I could give him a little bread and milk, and I immediately brought some, and placed the milk on the fire to take the chill off it. As I gave him the bread a small morsel fell on the floor, and I touched it with my foot to put it out of the way among the ashes, when the old man immediately stopped me. "Do not do that!" he said, trembling from cold or emotion; "never waste bread! The time has been that I have given gold for a handful of drammack, (Meal and water,) kneaded in a soldier's bonnet. They that waste bread may fear that they shall one day come to want it!" As he said this, he stooped down and picked up the crumb I had dropt, and cleaning it on his bosom, and looking upwards, put it reverently into his mouth. I saw, as he stretched forth his hand, that it was fair as a lady's and that his linen, though coarse, was very clean; and as soon as I could, without alarming him, I asked if I could serve him in anything farther, as I thought I heard my mother call. I went to her, securing the outer door in passing, for I feared he might be some person in trouble, and told her what I had seen. She immediately sprung up to dress herself, requesting me to stay where I was, and in a very few minutes she was in the kitchen, closing the door after her. As I immediately heard her sobbing, I ventured to peep through the key-hole, when I saw my mother on her knees at the old man's feet, and bathing his hands in her tears. It was Lord Pittligo!

After many sufferings from age and illness, and many hair-breadth 'scapes in many disguises, and from living often in holes where scarcely a wild creature could have lived, he had drawn towards his own estates, to live the short period he might be allowed to live, or die among his own people; knowing that if they could not save him, at least he should have their sympathy.

He had been driven from a cave in the neighbourhood, in consequence of

having been dragged by some soldiers, who did not know his person, to discover the scene of his own concealment; and where, if he had been found, instead of in its neighbourhood, he would certainly have been secured: he had therefore since been less comfortable. On a part of his estate there were some large cairns, called the Cairns of Pittligo, memorials, as it is thought, of former battles and burials. On the top of these the shepherds had formed hollows, in which they might sit sheltered, and yet see their herds. In one of these the old nobleman had taken up his abode, because from it he could see to a distance around, and on occasion creep into a hole that had been scooped out in it, just capable of receiving him, and even of concealing him if not narrowly sought for. There he spent many days, looking upon his ruined residence, and upon the lands no longer his, and envying, doubtless, the humblest labourer upon them; and there he had passed the cold and cruel night preceding this interview. "I well remembered," said my old friend, "the thick carpeting of his spacious dining-room, its curtains of velvet deeply fringed with gold, and the proud looks of himself and his ancestors, as they were pictured on its walls, now ruined and blackened by the fire of the destroyer. I had even seen his proud bearing, as, walking on the sea-beach between his castle and the humbler but still beautiful residence of his near neighbour Pittulie, he endeavoured to persuade him to join in the rising for the prince; and the solemn courtesousness with which he rode through the village, as he parted for the expedition, bowing on all sides to his tenants, who had come reverently to see him leave them; and, young as I was, I could not but contrast all this with what I now saw.

My mother, suspecting I might be listening or anxious, came out, and hurried me before her, putting her hand on her lips at the same time to impose silence. When we reached the bedroom she broke out afresh, regretting beyond every thing that he must again encounter the cruel season, without the possibility of their adding almost any comfort. A blanket, however, or blankets, were, I suppose, carried that night to the cairn, and also some food and drink. He was soon after conveyed to Auchiries, where he lived long, and, after many escapes, at last died in peace. Everybody in the neighbourhood knew of his residence. The very children would go and peep through the chinks of the garden-door as he sat reading, but they never breathed his name. The farm on which the cairn where he was concealed is situated, though now disjoined from his estates, is called the farm of "Lord's Cairn" to this day, and will never be named without remembering the cause; nor shall I ever forget the lesson he taught me, never to waste bread."

OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION OF ROME AND THE PAPAL STATES

BY J. H. HEADLEY.

The subject here indicated is one on which few travellers inquire to report, and few readers know anything. Its novelty will, we trust, make the sketch we propose to give in some degree acceptable to the readers of the Democratic Review.

Nothing is more common than to overlook the present policy and character of those cities which are linked, by such strong associations, with all that is great in the history of the past. Rome has her ruins—her Forum, Coliseum, Capitoline and Palatine hills; she has also her St. John in Laterano, Maria Maggiore, and St. Peter's, all imposing and full of interest. But Rome has also her schools, her courts of justice, and her politics; and, amid all, her magnificent edifices and great histories. It is not of least interest to look into her secret policy, and see how it goes, in practical matters, with what is left of the Old Empire.

Authors differ as to the number of square miles in the Papal States. The government generally make the superficial area about 13,000 Italian square miles, of sixty to a degree. The Raccolta, or census, of 1833, makes the population of this territory 2,732,736. Poor as the inhabitants are, only one-third of this territory is cultivated.

The dominions of the Pope are divided into twenty provinces, the largest of which is the Comarea of Rome, including in its limits Tivoli, Rome and Subiaco. The remaining nineteen are divided into two different classes, called Legations and Delegations, the former of which are governed by Cardinals, and the latter by Prelates. And here, by the way, I might say, that the office of Prelate is confined to the Papal States, and he may or may not be a bishop. Indeed, it is not at all necessary he should be in holy orders, and if he does not take ordination he goes back into the rank of laymen, when he retires from office. He is a sort of under secretary of state, either spiritual or temporal, and has the title of Monsignore. There are upwards of two hundred of them in the kingdom, some attached to the court of the Pope, and others to the government boards. The office is sought after chiefly because it is in the high road of preferment, and the Prelate often (indeed, usually) becomes governor of Rome, nuncio, delegate, auditor-general, or treasurer, and sometimes gets a seat in the sacred college among the cardinals. His costume distinguishes him from other officers, by the short black silk cloak and violet stockings.

The provinces mentioned above are each subdivided into districts, having their own peculiar local government, subject, however, to these head Legates, or Delegates.

The government of the kingdom is an elective hierarchy, the Pope being its head. He is chosen by the College of Cardinals, whose number is limited to seventy, though it has never yet reached, we believe, that number. When the Pope dies, they are shut up in the papal palace on the Quirinal, and are not allowed to come out or communicate with each other, except to cast their ballots, until the Pope is elected. A majority of two-thirds is necessary to a choice, Austria, France and Spain having the power to put each its veto on one candidate. During the nine days between the Pope's death and funeral, the chief power is exercised by the Cardinal Chamberlain, who can coin money during that time in his own name, impressed with his own coat of arms,—and the way he rattles it off does great credit to his business qualities. During that time the edicts go forth from St. John's, it being the Mother Church.

The administration of the government is carried on, under the Pope, by a Cardinal Secretary of State, and several boards, or, as they are called, Congregazioni, viz., the Camera Apostolica, or Financial Department, the Cancellaria, the Diatara, and the Penitenziaria or Secret inquisition. The only life office under the Pope, is that of Cardinal Chamberlain, the rest being at the disposal of his Holiness. The Governor of Rome possesses great power, and cannot be deprived of his office. He can, however, be promoted into the College of Cardinals, if he should exercise his power too freely; and thus cease to be governor. If he becomes too fractious, his promotion is certain. He has control over all the Comarea, unlimited power over the police, and can himself inflict capital punishment. It is the Auditor's business to examine the titles of all candidates for bishoprics, and decide cases of appeal to the Pope. The

Cancellaria, mentioned above, is the Chancery Court, and the Dataria, a court for ecclesiastical benefices. To these might be added the Buon Governo for the Municipal Police, the Congregazione de Monti for the public debts, and the Sacra Consulta.

The Legates and Delegates, who administer the government of the provinces, are assisted by a Council (called Congregazione di Governo), composed of the Mayor of the principal town, called the Gonfaloniere, and from two to four Councillors, designated by the Pope, and holding office two years. The number of Councillors corresponds to the rank of the provinces—the first class having four, the second three, and third two. These Councillors, however, have but little power. They have no vote on questions, and can only send to the Pope their written objections to a decision of the Delegate. The Delegate has also two Assessors, who are judges in civil cases, in the principal towns, but they must not be natives of the province. So, also, eleven of the Delegations are cut up into districts, each ruled by a Governor, who cannot be a native of the province, and who is subject to the Delegate. These Governors sit as judges in certain civil and criminal cases in the districts.

These districts are again divided into communes, with their Council, corresponding to our Common Councils, presided over by the town Gonfaloniere, or Mayor, elected out of the Council, and holding his place for two years. He is assisted by Anziani, or Aldermen, from two to six, according to the size of the town, half of whom retire every two years with the Gonfaloniere, or Mayor. This Council assess the rates, &c., and an annual budget is presented to them by the Mayor, which, after it receives their sanction, is submitted to the Delegate, who in his turn sends it to the Buon Governo, which is composed of twelve Cardinals and Prelates, after which it is returned to the commune, and becomes law. The municipal authorities can discharge no account without this formality, and not a dollar can be raised without it, even for local purposes. This is not, perhaps, an ill-balanced system on the whole, and were it not in a tyrannical government, might work well, though slowly. But the difficulty is, one spirit pervades the whole, and the checks on the people are not from the people, but from the Pope, so that there is the semblance of freedom, without its enjoyment. There is no use in legislating when men are not allowed to legislate except in one way. The *veto* power of the Pope is, after all, by this very system, extended to the minutest matters.

The Pope receives less as a monarch, than most men imagine. The average revenue of the Papal States is less than \$10,000,000. It costs simply to collect this sum, about \$2,220,000. Then there goes to pay the interest of the public debt \$2,547,555. The Government and state expenses are nearly \$500,000, and about the same amount goes to the Cardinals, Foreign Ministers, &c., to say nothing of hospitals, festivals, &c., &c. The expenses of the Court are about 300,000, of which the Pope gets only a small portion. Many an English bishop is better secured in his pecuniary emoluments than the Pope himself. There is one thing to be taken into consideration, however; the ecclesiastical revenue does not enter at all into the State returns, and its amount is known only to his Holiness, and his advisers. Indeed, we think that the Pope derives very little pecuniary profit from his temporal power; what he has, be it more or less, comes in the shape of church revenue.

But what a miserable state of civil and municipal government must a kingdom be in, when it takes more than one-fifth of the entire receipts to collect the revenue! On some of the revenue, the cost of collecting is 60 per cent.—on lotteries 69 per cent. The interest of the public debt is nearly 38 per cent. on the whole net revenue of the kingdom. Part of this interest is paid at Milan, the rest at Paris for French loans.

The Papal navy consists of two steamers, and a few gun brigs, and the standing army is only about 14,000 men, which constitute no effective force, either for offence or defence. The King of Sardinia alone, has a standing army of 80,000. His Holiness leans on Austria in all belligerent matters, and although it is contrary to a Papal decree that any foreign army should quarter in the kingdom, Austria keeps a garrison in Ferrara. Without this constant overshadowing of the Austrian army, Italy would be convulsed in three months by her internal agitations.

Justice is administered on the Canon law, and the laws of the "Corpus Juris." The Pope appoints the Judges, who must be 30 years of age, doctors of law, and five years practising advocates. We have noticed before that the Governor of a country district has jurisdiction over both civil and criminal cases, of a minor character; in civil cases for any sum up to \$300, in criminal cases, for slight offences; though his decision can be appealed from. In the large towns, small offences, as we have already remarked before, are decided upon by the assessors of the delegate. In every province there is a court, called the Collegiate Court, having jurisdiction over the whole province, both in civil and criminal cases. This court is composed of the delegate of the province, his two assessors, a judge, and a member of the common council. All appeals from the local governors and assessors, are carried to this court; but its decisions are not final. The provinces have three courts of appeal from the Collegiate Court; one at Bologna, another at Macerata, and a third the Segnatura of Rome. If, on appeal, the first decision be sustained, the thing is settled for ever; but, if it is reversed, then the case is carried to the Segnatura, whose business it is to decide whether further prosecution may or may not be permitted. If it be decided that the suit may still be prosecuted, it goes into the Sacra Ruota, formerly the Supreme Court of Christendom, on whose decisions the civilized world waited with awe and deference. Probably no court of the world has ever had such sway, and commanded such respect, as this Sacra Ruota. It still overshadows the Papal States, and extends its influence into the Catholic countries of Europe. It is composed of twelve prelates. Six of these are appointed by the pope—the other six by different kingdoms of Europe. France appoints one, Spain two, Germany and Milan each of them one, and Tuscany and Perugia alternately the remaining member. This court gives the reasons of its decisions, which can be reviewed by itself, or carried to the Supreme Court of the Camera Apostolica. No great cause is considered settled until two judgments, agreeing with each other, have been pronounced upon it, that is, either a second judgment on review by the Sacra Ruota, or judgment by the Camera Apostolica. Before all this process is gone through with, death often pronounces sentence on the poor prosecutor himself. Thus a case which the government may not care to have acted on at all, can be as effectually laid to rest in the very heart of its magnificent courts, as the most despotic king could wish.

In criminal cases, the depositions are written down, and the whole cause carried on and completed with closed doors. Government provides a sort of attorney-general, whose services the accused can always command. He is appointed by the Pope, and supported by a salary, and called the *Avvocato dei Poveri* (advocate of the poor). An attorney-general to defend the poor, rather than one to accuse them, would, we think, better subserve the ends of justice. In the Segnatura and Sacra Ruota, the advocates are compelled to address the

court in Latin, a practice certainly tending to secure short speeches, and allow very little rhetoric.

This system, faulty as it is, could be borne with, were it not that in all criminal offences, the suspected person may be imprisoned merely on suspicion, *ad indefinitum*. The accused may languish his life away, without the power of bringing his case to trial. This gives to those exercising authority the power of shutting up in prison an enemy, or any humble individual that stands in their way, without answering for it to any earthly tribunal. Under such a system, there can be no end or limits to the injustice that may be practised. The poor are perfectly in the power of the public officers, to be used, frightened, or imprisoned, as they like. What makes it still worse is, that men are imprisoned on the slightest offences, while bail is never allowed. This keeps the prisons choked with victims, and the innocent man is more likely to stay there than the guilty, for his accuser will not be inclined to risk his character, or expose his tyranny, by allowing the man he has injured to appear in his own defence. It is a burning disgrace to the administration of the Papal States, that this injustice is allowed to exist. The practical results of so vile a system are such as one would expect. It is estimated that 6000 are imprisoned in the Papal States every year, which is about one to every four hundred and fifty-five of the entire population. Crime, or unjust imprisonment, must be frequent, to have one out of every five hundred and fifty see the inside of a prison annually.

In addition to the Courts we have mentioned, are the Ecclesiastical Courts, whose duty it is to decide on all matters that come under the jurisdiction of the church. The chief Ecclesiastical Court is the Penitenziaria, or Secret Inquisition, composed of thirteen Cardinals, one acting as President, and a prelate acting as assessor. No advocate is allowed here, and no appeal granted.

We have extended this article so much farther than we anticipated, that we can give but a word to the subject of Education. The educational system of the Papal States is divided into three parts; Universities, Bishops' schools, and common schools. The character of the Universities is well known; the Bishops' schools answer somewhat in rank to our academies, and their parish schools are similar to our own, except that the education is chiefly religious. The Government furnishes the means of education to about one in fifty of the entire population. About three-fourths of the children of Rome receive gratuitous instruction; and there are 372 common schools in the city, containing in all 14,000 scholars. Parish priests are the teachers, and corporeal punishment is strictly forbidden. There is no provision for educating the females. Those of the higher classes go into the convents, while the poor are taught in some of the charitable institutions, called Conservatori. Education is in a low state, and the ignorance of the poor most deplorable.

In the above article we have had no reference to the Catholic religion, but have spoken of the Pope's dominions as a political State; giving simply an outline of its civil and municipal institutions, and the manner in which the government is carried on.

Democratic Review.

NARRATIVE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ARMED CONVOY IN THE BAY OF ROSAS.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

In the latter part of the month of October, 1809, a squadron consisting of three line-of-battle ships—Le Robuste, of 80 guns, Rear-Admiral Boudin; Le Lion, 74, and Le Borée, 74, and two frigates, with a numerous armed convoy of store-ships and smaller vessels, were despatched from Toulon for the relief of the French garrison of Barcelona, at this time much distressed for want of necessary supplies. The British fleet was probably supposed by the enemy to be in Port Mahon, its customary harbour station; a look-out frigate or frigates being constantly stationed off Cape Sicie, to watch and report the movement of the Gallic fleet. Nothing was to be seen of our fleet from the signal stations on the French line of coast, and getting out of Toulon, probably in the night, and thus eluding the recognition of the British look-out ships, the above-mentioned squadron and convoy, deeming the coast to be clear, proceeded with imagined security to the westward. In this conclusion they were, however, destined to be deceived, and on arriving off Cape St. Sebastian, on the Spanish coast, with a fair wind to prosecute their onward course, they discovered, to their no very pleasant surprise, to leeward and ahead of them, the fleet of Lord Collingwood, who having received some intimation of an intended movement of the enemy to relieve Barcelona, had here taken up his cruising ground. They of course immediately hauled their wind, in the endeavour to escape, and were chased to windward by the fast-sailing line-of-battle ships of the British into the Bay of Cete, or, as it is more usually denominated, Gulf of Lyons; and so well were they followed, that two of their line-of-battle ships—Le Robuste and Le Lion—were finally driven on shore in the bottom of the bay, and burnt by their crews to prevent capture. The Borée and a frigate, fired on by the British line-of-battle ship Tigre, succeeded in gaining the port of Cete, but appeared to have grounded in the attempt to enter it. The convoy had dispersed. Several of them were captured by the British frigate Pomone, which being to windward, had been the first to descry and give notice of the enemy steering down. Of the scattered remnant, eleven, including one large frigate-built store-ship, La Lemproie, armed with sixteen 8-pounders, and manned with 116 men, and three other national vessels—La Victoire, Le Grandeur, and La Normande, of from 10 to 14 guns—under favour of thick weather, found their way into the Spanish port of Rosas.

Ere these occurrences had fallen out, the Apollo frigate had been detached from the fleet on a cruise in the Bay of Cete, where it happened that, while yet in total ignorance of the movements of the enemy, at about eleven in the forenoon, of a very hazy day, with a moderate breeze, a ship of the line was announced from the mast-head to be in sight, and in quick succession another and another. The number seen, all of the line, soon amounted to seven. They were standing in-shore, but one of the sternmost tacked and stood towards us, with signals flying, which the prevailing haze hindered us from making out, although well within signal distance. We had left the fleet cruising off Cape St. Sebastian, and had not the remotest suspicion that a strong force of the enemy had passed us in the bay, or that anything could have happened to place the whole or any part of our own fleet in the circumstances of position and locality in which we now encountered the ships in sight; and we therefore entertained no doubt as to their being part of the enemy's fleet, and that probably the haze alone prevented our seeing a larger number, or the whole of their ships. With this impression we made all sail from them to join the fleet off Cape St. Sebastian, with the intelligence we deemed in our possession respecting the enemy. The ship with the signals flying continued for some time to stand towards us, but finding the experiment useless, she again tacked to rejoin her companions. It need scarcely be remarked that we had been led to a conclusion the reverse of the true one—that the ships we had seen were the chasing British, desirous, as we were one of the fastest vessels of the Medi-

terranean fleet, of our assistance in arresting the progress of the flying French, then in sight of them, and whom they were pursuing in shore. Such are the chances of war arising from slight incidents. We thus unconsciously proceeded on our way from the scene of action, and reached the fleet about ten o'clock at night, making, as we ran down to them, the night signals announcing the enemy, and causing them to clear for action. On communicating with the Admiral, the mystery was solved, and in another two days Rear-Admiral Martin, with the chasing squadron, returned to the fleet, with the news of the great, although partial, success of their enterprise, in the destruction of the French Rear-Admiral's ship and another of the line, and the varied dispersion of the rest, as above related.

So important a part of the convoy as had succeeded in getting into Rosas, and which doubtless contained a very large proportion of the supplies destined for Barcelona, was not to be neglected. Accordingly, the signal was made for the Tigre, 80, Cumberland, 74, Apollo, 38, Volontaire, 38, Topaze, 36, and Philomel, Scout, and Tuscan brigs, to close round the Admiral, and these vessels being placed under the orders of Capt. Hallowell, of the Tigre, made sail from the fleet, at the close of the day of the 30th October, to effect with all practicable promptitude the destruction of this remaining portion of the enemy. On getting inshore, however, on the succeeding day, the state of the weather,—light airs with some swell,—would have prevented the ships from acting, had this been intended; they were, therefore, anchored in the bay, within sight of the enemy, and about five miles from the port of Rosas, and it was determined that the attack should be made in the night of the 31st, by the boats of the squadron, the squadron itself, with the exception of the brigs,—which were ordered to proceed inshore, to afford any required aid,—remaining at anchor in the position it had taken.

The night was moonless, starless, calm, as we marshalled the boats of the squadron in two compact lines abreast, and on the larboard side of H.M.S. Tigre. There is something inexpressibly grand in the aspect of a large man-of-war when seen at anchor on an open coast in such a night, and on such an occasion. Vast yet compact in her bearing, she lies like a giant on his quiet couch, in the might of silent power, brooding over some fearful deed. The boats completely armed and equipped, and furnished with tar-barrel staves, tarred junk, and other similarly-prepared combustibles for setting fire to the vessels of the enemy, were formed, as stated, into two divisions, each boat of each division laying its painter, or head-rope, made fast to the stern of its next ahead. The first division, destined to attack the largest vessel, a frigate-built ship of 850 tons, was led by the boats of the Tigre; the second, destined to attack the remaining and smaller vessels, ten in number, was led by the boats of the Cumberland. The boats of the Apollo, being next in seniority to those of the Cumberland in this second line, followed next in its order. The scene of this armament, marshalled under the veil of night abreast of the noble ship, was solemn and impressive. Among the gallant spirits who formed the crews,—as usual in such cases, all volunteers,—came were certain to return no more to the noble vessels which constituted their ocean homes; more would return scathed and wounded from the conflict. But, in the breast of the man-of-war's man, enthusiasm on the prospect of battle is ever found to be the absorbing sentiment. The incidents of strife and struggle, common to the element he contends with, doubtless induce the habit, and with it the delight and gratification, of surmounting danger. He thus imbibes a kind of salt-water instinct in favour of extremes, often exhibited both in peril and in mirth, and courts them with an avidity unknown to a tamer or a less venturous existence. He is, moreover, at intervals subjected to a monotony which he longs to vary. Uniformity to him is dullness, from which his spirit rebounds, and loves to break in upon by novelty and incident, either fanciful or stern,—he glories in the grotesque or the fearful, the frolic or the fight.* His hilarity, when once fairly let loose, beggars all other in its extravagant intensity,—his appetite for the conflict is no less engrossing and complete. The character of the man-of-war's man is thus, by habit, allied to the romantic; and it may, perhaps, be further observed, with reference to the present narrative, that there is a certain peculiar and chivalrous character attached to boat expeditions, which, in accordance with the tendency above mentioned, may be considered in the light of an additional stimulus; volunteers being ever readily found to engage in the bold and most desperate enterprise of this description.

Final instructions were now received, and the divisions slowly proceeded on their way inshore in the Bay of Rosas, and in the direction of the port of Rosas, which may be described as a small bay within the larger one, and on the eastern side of the latter. A death-like calm now reigned over the expanse of water, the dense darkness scarcely permitted vision at a distance of more than a few boats' lengths, and a solemn stillness, unbroken save by the distant murmurs of the slow-heaving swell, as it reached and split upon the small bays and inlets of the coast, and by the hushed and feebly-heard measured stroke of the muffled oar, noiselessly dipping in the passive element, combined to establish a settled and universal repose, and to call up a sentiment of peaceful meditation wholly opposed to our sanguinary errand. Thus silently and slowly the boats plied on in line abreast, that is, in two parallel lines, until, from the length of time which had passed without arriving at our destination, we thought we must have missed the harbour, and fallen upon some other part of the coast in the bay. During this interval we had of necessity conversed but little, and in undertones;—many, and doubtless very various, were the themes of reflection indulged in, such as a similar experience can alone fully convey; but suspense now began to wield her painful sceptre over our cogitations. Should we find the enemy before daylight, and, if not, should we attack them under this disadvantage, or relinquish for another twenty-four hours the enterprise! To the latter alternative there were strong objections. The enemy might, under the apprehension of attack, unload a large part of their stores, which were destined, as we have stated, to relieve the French garrison at Barcelona.

Severe disappointment is at any time a painful sentiment, but in few instances is it more mortifying than in those connected with the baffled projects of war. Self-importance, as well as expectation, falls as from a height,—we feel robbed of the opportunity of a display of our patriotism and self-devotion, and sink on a sudden from the pinnacle of high pretension, and it may be of high feeling, to the level of ordinary thought. In a scene wherein the lowest justly deems himself important,—in which the most ordinary casket may disclose the fairest gem,—we have looked for some distinction, and are foiled by the hand of disappointment.

In this state of things we hove to, and a jolly-boat was dispatched ahead to grope in shore, and having endeavoured to mark the object of our search, return with the news of success or failure. After some considerable interval the messenger returned, and reported that we were not far distant from the

enemy, but that he feared that he had himself been discovered by the guard-boat of the latter. We rowed on—our course had been sure though slow—and now lofty spars were seen looming on the curtain of the sky, ere the hulls were visible. At last we were on them. "D'où venez vous!" resounded through the port. The business was in hand. In the dead silence of night three deafening hurrahs now burst from the boats, which were echoed back with an awful depth and solemnity, and from a great distance from among the lofty hills which encompass the bay, and which recede from the shore far into the interior of the country. The British hurrah is a trumpet-tongued sound. When really associated with the grand in action, and not the mere mock thunder of small doings, few things partake more of the sublime than this shout of human defiance from the voice of a multitude. On the present occasion it arose with appalling effect from the robust lungs of the sons of ocean, amid a serenity so deep, so profound, that nature, sueing for repose, seemed to recoil at the shock—the thick darkness itself seemed to be cleft and shaken by the terrific shout. The effect was electric, and gave the enemy fair warning of the nature of the impending fray. La Lemproie now fired her broadside, the shot from which passed over the boats. She was shortly seconded by a fire opened from all the other vessels, from the citadel and Fort Trinidad, and by volleys of musketry from troops assembled on the beach. The bottom of the harbour, at this juncture, was lighted up all around by the rapidly succeeding flashes from the ships and the shore, and judging merely by the briskness and determination of the opening fire of the enemy, the fate of the attacking party would have appeared already pronounced. The first division of boats, in conformity with its destination, had now attacked La Lemproie, and the fire of small arms from assailants and assailed was seen playing vividly up and down her sides as the boats closed on her. In less than ten minutes she was boarded and carried, and soon after the reddening hue of her port-holes shewed that she was on fire, and that the eager element was hastening from the centre to each extremity of her hull. In effecting the capture of this large vessel the fighting was severe. On the right of La Lemproie, as viewed from the shore, and nearer the citadel, the attack had already been begun. Several boats had rowed alongside and astern of a brig near the citadel, which made a spirited resistance. Great was now the din in this quarter, yet, amid the general noise of the surrounding scene, these partial sounds appeared quelled and subdued. When the attack on this vessel had already commenced, two or three boats came down upon her, firing musketry, to the manifest peril of friend as well as foe. They were of course unaware of the position of the boats that had preceded them. They were hailed to desist from firing, and soon joined their comrades. Between this brig and La Lemproie lay La Normande, mounting ten 4-pounders, and manned with about 50 men. This vessel kept up an animated fire from guns and small arms, and to her, after a short interval, rowed the launch of the Apollo; but ere this was effected, in giving the citadel a return shot from her 32-pounder carronade, our box of combustible tubes (used for priming by insertion in the touch-hole of the gun) was accidentally fired, and the tubes exploding, burnt and skipped a out so fiercely as fairly to drive us out of the stern sheets of the boat, and endanger the explosion of our portable magazine, which would have blown us to atoms. We had to reload the carronade, and while thus occupied were saluted specifically by several shot from the broadside of La Normande, who was evidently observing our motions, and on whom as just stated, we had determined to direct our efforts. On closely nearing her we found that she had a boarding netting fixed which it was difficult to penetrate, and observed an individual from one boat, after fruitless endeavouring to cut through it, re-descend to his boat. We now rowed to a position just abaft her larboard fore chains, and while thus placed, immediately under her gun muzzles, she discharged over us part of her broadside, which, low as she was, could not however be sufficiently depressed. An exchange from small arms now took place through her ports, and we finally brought our 32-pounder to bear in an obliquely raking direction, and discharged it with round and grape, the muzzle almost in contact with her side. This fatal discharge swept her deck, and a shout was heard on board her, whether of surrender we knew not, but we immediately boarded on the bow. By this discharge the Captain of La Normande lost his hand, and on boarding her the crew made no further resistance, but retired below as we advanced along her deck. The dead and wounded were lying about: one of the former was stretched on his belly across the breech of a gun at one of the ports where we had laid her aboard. The wounded were assisted below. Our boat had been the first to succeed in boarding this vessel, which had kept up a vigorous and determined resistance, firing on the previously captured vessels. Being now aided by other boats, we resolved to tow out the capture, and accordingly commenced this tedious operation under a galling fire of round and grape from two heavy guns of the citadel, which were discharged alternately at us and at some other boats engaged in towing out the brig above alluded to, which had also been captured. This brig had been perceived by us to be fast by a rope from her masthead to the shore, and we had hailed the captors to acquaint them with this circumstance, as we observed them towing in vain, and in ignorance of it.

Four of the captured vessels were about this period being towed out, and the harbour was now, in so dark a night, fearfully gleaming with the conflagration of the remaining seven. La Lemproie was blazing fore and aft, and from the main-deck to each masthead, while the flames ran along her yards to the extremity of each yard-arm; the conflagration, from the calm that reigned, rising perpendicularly, and presenting a regular and symmetrical outline. Sheets of vivid light from the burning vessels were thrown across the dark surface of the water, which, smooth as a polished mirror, reflected faithfully, when thus illuminated, the play of the flames, and figures of boats and men, plying across the scene, were at intervals, by a stream of light, thrown out in strong and gigantic relief over the gleaming tide,—the men appearing the demons of the spectacle. The flaming masts of La Lemproie at last fell in succession over the side, her fore yard having previously fallen square, and with an almost graceful descent, as if it had been lowered. She finally blew up with an explosion, that in one vast sheet of reddish light, accompanied by a loud but hollow and sepulchral shock, grasped the entire breadth of the harbour, and was distinctly observed by the main body of the fleet at a distance of twenty miles or more, in the offing.* Vast fragments of her timbers and scantling were driven upward with amazing force into the dark sky, in the condition of burning brands, which at last hovered and lingered in their aerial elevation like winged and animated things, until they again, at first slowly, and, as it were, reluctantly, descended to quench themselves in the liquid element beneath. The other six vessels also blew up in succession.

The illumination caused by the burning vessels, had latterly enabled the enemy distinctly to mark our movements, and direct their fire with considerable

* It is recorded by Dr. Lind, in his work on the Diseases of Seamen, that the Mediterranean fleet became sickly, but that all vestige of this sickness suddenly disappeared under the excitement occasioned by the news that the enemy were at sea.

* This vessel was reported to have had on board 400 barrels of gunpowder.

precision; and the boats were in turn so well covered with grape, that the oar blades were cut by the shot.

We gave way heartily at the oars. At last a light air sprang up off shore, which materially helped us, and by the aid of which, had it occurred a little sooner, the whole of the captured vessels might have been brought off. Trinity Castle, celebrated for its defence by Lord Cochrane, fired at us the last in our retreat, and struck the brig before-mentioned; but these distant salutes were felt by us in the light of parting compliments, which we scarcely cared to decline. Our object had been attained, and we were now close to the brigs of our squadron, which we before observed had been stationed inshore to cover our retreat, and afford us any necessary assistance.

The morning had dawned, dim, grey, and serene, and with little of the cheerful presence of the sun, but mild and temperate, and clear enough to see all around with distinctness. The port which on the previous evening had worn the inspiring aspect of eleven armed vessels safely moored under the town and forts, now appeared naked, empty, and forlorn, with but one small craft remaining in it. They had been moored close to the shore, and lay cleared for quarters, and prepared for an attack; but our delay in reaching them had probably occasioned them to conclude that it would not take place at so late an hour of morning, as that of between two and three, A. M.

The loss of the British, though sufficiently severe, was much under what might have been expected from the well sustained fire of the enemy at the onset. It consisted of sixteen killed, and fifty-four wounded. Night doubtless contributed mainly to this result. The French loss was believed to be far greater, but, most of the crews, including the wounded, having been sent ashore in their captured boats, could not be well ascertained.

LIGHTS AND SHADES; OR, THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

It was a mild, dark, windy day, in the first week of April, when, after a morning muster of my "charge of foot," I set out for Loughnacurragh, to kill a creel of trout, could I but persuade them to shake off their general torpidity, and rise at sundry seductive-looking flies, which I had recently imported from the metropolis. The "lonely tarn" to which I directed my steps, was a huge pond of leaden-coloured water, situated in the centre of a barren moor. From a rocky knoll, half-a-mile distant, a few runlets trickled down the hill, and creeping through the morass, united with the dark waters of the Lough; while on the other side a drowsy dyke went twisting through the bog, and carried off the surplus supplies which occasionally came down in torrents from the neighbouring high grounds.

It was a place and water, however, to which neither the angler nor the artist would resort, as it afforded little on which to exercise painting or piscatorial skill. The scenery was wild and sterile, but without any traits of savage grandeur to redeem it; while the Lough was fringed with reeds, and to be enabled to cast a fly beyond them, it was necessary to wade knee-deep through mud, having the tenacity of bird-lime. No caution could save the fisherman from loss; and on my last visit, I had left a casting-line behind me to festoon the reeds, and a shoe as a votive offering to the Kelpie.

Every body knows that a trout is capricious as a woman, and to woo is not to win, unless both be taken "in the humour." You may induce a sprightly, golden-tinted denizen of a sparkling stream, to shorten his siesta beside stone or alder-root, and spring like a voltiuger at the tinselled fly; but, unless half-famished, the lazy, leaden-coloured tarn-trout remains immovable and impassive to temptation—rejects the charmer's art, charm he ever so wisely. On this occasion I found it so, and after paddling through sedge and mud two mortal hours, I quitted this worthless pool for ever, leaving in exchange for a brace of sooty-backed, ill-shapen fishes, a new shoe, a score of flies, and "the curse of Cromwell," superadded as a parting compliment.

After I had cleared the moor, and performed ablution in the first clear rivulet I met with, purified from half-a-stone of mud, I marched lightly towards my quarters. It was still early in the day, and I took a circuitous route home by the low road, anxious to abridge the long, dull evening, to be passed in a congregation of mud cabins called a town, beautified by a broken-windowed edifice named the chapel, and a ricketty, ruinous, three-storied house, roofed with gray flags, and for miles around forcing its tall, thin, shapeless chimneys on the eye. In this deserted-looking mansion, the gentle reader is respectfully informed that a drummer and fifer, two sergeants, thirty-six rank and file, a consumptive subaltern, and his very humble servant, were domiciled, to uphold the crown and dignity, and annihilate illicit whiskey, and the fabricators of the same.

At a half-mile distance from Ballysallagh*—as this agreeable retirement was truthfully denominated—two private dwelling places might be seen. The thatched building was the priest's, the slated one the tithe-proctor's. Three guaguers had located themselves in a public-house not a stone's cast from our sentry-box—their business, to suppress distillation—ours, to answer their "writ of assistance," and protect them in the execution of a most unpopular duty.

The excisemen were very civil—and excepting that their requisitions were made generally at night, and the worse the weather, the more favourable for the surprise of malefactors, we got on agreeably enough. Of course, the only liquor we indulged in was the *veritable* mountain dew; and a marvellous keg, presented to us on our arrival at Ballysallagh, actually turned out a widow's cruise. Whenever a hollow sound from the vessel announced a consumption in its contents, by some undiscoverable accident, the sentry, while walking "his lonely round," would stumble over a full cask—but who the devil left it there could never be detected. Generally, on these mysterious occasions, a guager would be seen by some straggling soldier, flitting round a corner of the building; but as it would have been useless to attempt to solve what seemed an impenetrable mystery, the midnight deodant, on the following morning, was deposited in the widow's cruise.

The occupant of the slated house was the proctor—one of those abominated nuisances, who, like "middle-men," were at once the curse and the detestation of the peasantry. The fellow was a heartless scoundrel, and the favourite *employé* of a wholesale farmer of tithes—for his master, a vulgar, illiterate, overgrown, and deformed brute, leased parishes by the dozen, and ground thousands annually from the wretched serfs. The countenance and character of the functionary of this tithe leviathan, were in keeping, and both of the worst description. The people abhorred and feared him. No wonder, then, that he had been fired at returning from a fair, and his peat-stack been burned on the bog. Consequently he preferred a slated house to a thatched one; never ventured after sunset out of doors; and if you met him in noontide on the high-road, the brass knobs of a brace of holster pistols might be seen peeping from the pockets

of his *cota more*, [a great-coat], indicating that the honest tithe-proctor was not exactly on a bed of roses.

The most exalted personage of this pleasant community remains to be described—to wit, Father Theodore Dempsey; and of Father Thady, as the peasantry designated their spiritual director, I must give a personal sketch.

The priest was a stout, middle-sized, mild-tempered, old man, with silver hair, and an inclination to obesity; but he was vigorous beyond his years, which were said to border upon four score. His dress was such as the Irish priesthood wore formerly, before they became Catholic rectors, and returned members to Parliament by the dozen. The lower extremities of Father Thady were encased in Connemara hose, and his "continuations" were corduroy; a dusky black-coat, broad-brimmed hat, and a wig—whether hair, tow, or wool, would have been difficult to determine, completed the costume of this antiquated churchman.

In those happy days, a poor priest would have been considered a curiosity. His wants were few, and the liberality of the flock was untaxed and voluntary. The thousand and one little presents offered throughout the year, were more than sufficient to supply the commissariat of his reverence; and hence, the fees received, were unrequired, and laid aside, hoarded during life, and partitioned after death among his relations. But Father Thady was poor. His parish was mountainous and unproductive. He had brought up two orphan nieces, and both married badly. He had sent one nephew to Maynooth, but he eloped, and enlisted in the 5th royal Irish dragoons. He had set up another in a country shop, but he ran off within the year, leaving the baker without a wife, and his uncle security for a hundred pounds. All these calamities had almost broken the poor priest's heart. As to property, that was gone—christening and marriage money, offerings and oblations, all had disappeared—and of all the probationers in purgatory, whose sufferings Father Thady had abridged, not one solitary token of these sinners' gratitude could have been discovered in the old man's treasury. On that blessed morning when my detachment marched into barracks in Ballysallagh, if public report might be trusted, Father Thady was not worth a *scutlogue*, (a Connaught coin—value undetermined.)

But why all this rignarole about an old priest, and his nieces and nephews? Patience, gentle reader. Every man, Jack Falstaff says, knows best how to buckle his own belt; and if you are to be delectated by my reminiscences, you must let me tell my story my own way.

I said that I took the lower road, and had I known localities better, I would have stuck to the higher one. The low road was three miles about, and as the measurement was Irish, the English reader may safely set it down at five. Shortly after I had entered on my new route, I was overtaken and passed by a stout-looking gentleman, seated "alone in his glory," in an ill-appointed gig. As he came up, above the rattle of axles innocent of grease, I overheard him hling snatches of an old ballad; and as he trotted past, he threw a furtive but searching glance behind, and I caught the burden of his ditty.

Arrah! Thady, ye gander,
Ye'er like a highlander,
For want of your breeches—
Ah! ye devil, go list—
Take a gun in your fist,
And don't be mending old ditches
Without any breeches.

Well, there was nothing offensive in this. My corduroys were unexceptionable, and "my withers all unwrung." On went the gig-driver—but an accident occurred that introduced me to his acquaintance.

He was mounting a small single arch which spanned a streamlet, not deep enough at present to bathe a lap-dog in, but in winter, at times, rolling a volume of black and angry water which came tumbling from the adjacent hills. In topping this sudden ascent, a trace gave way. The driver pulled up, consigned the designer of the bridge and the harness-maker to perdition, grunted out, in Irish and English, divers imprecations against both, and leisurely essayed to attempt a descent from his vehicle in order to refit the damage. He was both short-winded and corpulent, and before he could commence operations, I had replaced the trace, and put him once more in marching order.

"Particularly obliged to you, sir," said the stranger, with a bow; "not aware of to whom I am under obligations—face quite unknown—although with those of the — gentry I am tolerably well acquainted. May I inquire to whom am I indebted for this civility?"

I told him briefly.

"Ah! then you are quartered there,"—and he pointed to the staring chimneys of the barrack—"and if Connaught were riddled, you could find nothing that would match Ballysallagh."

"You seem acquainted," I replied, "with the pleasant spot in which I am located at present."

"Indeed I am," returned the gig-driver; "and I may add that there are few places within the Bailywick with which I am not tolerably familiar. But will you step up, take a seat beside me, and I'll set you down at your barrack as we pass."

"Willingly," I replied, and hopping into the vehicle, I deposited my person beside that of the obliging proprietor.

I looked at him attentively. He was a stout, clumsy, short-necked personage, with a mischievous gray eye and rubicund complexion. His teeth were good, his countenance far from disagreeable, while the expression of the face was comic, and the manner original and most amusing.

"Captain —," he said, "you are a bold man. You have just now done what half the fire-eaters in the country would have been mortally afraid to do."

"I am really not aware of the act of heroism I have performed," I replied; "have the kindness to explain it."

"You have seated yourself at the side of the representative of royalty—put yourself within short reach of the arm of the law—and—"

"You are not the hangman, I hope."

"No, faith," returned the red-nosed stranger, "but we operate occasionally together, for I am the *sub-sheriff*."

"The sub-sheriff?"

"Don't be uneasy, I have nothing against you at present."

"Against me?"

"Oh! your name's not in the office at all. May-be a good time's coming, and we shall be better acquainted. Every gentleman is liable to a pull up. One has his name across a stamp or two—another has taught his tailor book-keeping—"

"Taught his tailor book-keeping!" I ejaculated.

"Don't enter on the subject if it's disagreeable. I don't want an introduction, as I suppose you are quite able to break him yourself. But, talking of

In Irish, *Balls* means a "town," and *sallagh*, "dirty."

cloth, I have a great regard for your's, for once I wore that honourable livery myself."

"Indeed! And may I inquire what calamity robbed our gracious lord the king of so gallant a defender?"

"Well then," returned the sub-sheriff, "as doctors say of diseases, the causes were complicated. I entered the militia on account of a woman, and retired from the service on account of a horse."

"Singular causes indeed."

"Plain enough when understood," observed the stranger.

"Possibly I can guess the first. You were 'crossed in love,' as chamber-maids call it, and in despair took to soldiering."

"Not exactly," returned the deputy representative of majesty, "but it was too great sensibility on my part that caused the misfortune after all. We have three miles to drive, and if you please I will tell you the particulars."

I bowed, and the stout gentleman proceeded.

"My aunt Dogherty was a pattern for women, and a better Catholic never kept Lent. She never missed mass if she could help it, and she was a Carmelite into the bargain. Well, she died one summer evening, and the next night I went over to the wake. As I came in Father Peter Hopkins was just taking a pinch off the plate. [At an Irish wake a plate is placed upon the breast of the deceased, and the snuff or salt which it contains bespeak the wealth or poverty of the departed.] 'Mary Dogherty,' says he, looking her full in the face, 'if iver woman went to heaven from the parish of Islandeady direct it's ye'rself is she; and now at this blessed hour ye'r puttin the evenin in, snug and warm with Saint Peter.' Well, the wake was very crowded, and the evening very close, and Nancy Callaghan, my cousin, terribly overcome with heat and sorrow—so we agreed to go out to the garden, and cry comfortably in the summer-house with nothing to disturb us.

"Well, the old Carmelite was buried, and went to glory without delay. Time passed over, and I was slowly recovering from my affliction. One fine morning, six months afterwards, my father gave me a wink to follow him. He headed to the barn, and I was with him in a jiffy.

"'Jack, ye villain of the world,' says he, pleasantly commencing the conversation, 'what's this I hear about your cousin?'

"'What cousin?' says I, innocently.

"'Arrah! how ignorant ye are! Who else but Nancy Callaghan.'

"I stared at him in surprise.

"'Oh, ye thief,' says he, 'do ye mind the night your aunt was waked?'

"'Divil a one me,' says I, 'can remember any thing about it, for grief was fairly murdering me.'

"'Mona sin dioul!' replied my father, 'if ye don't spoil a market, why we'll put a nick in the post.'

"'Arrah! The Lord forbid I should be hanged, if it was only on account of the family.'

"'Well,' says he, somewhat softened, 'we must plaister the misfortune over as well as we can. You must cut your stick, and let your mother take Biddy to sae. I hear the sheriff did not lave a clot behind him at Mount Browne last Monday. Take half a score of weathers (wedders) with ye, try your luck, and maybe the colonel would give you a commission in the militia.'

"Away I went, and, faith, I hit the time to fortune. The colonel's have-a-care [a steward] was coming back with an empty cart, without being able to obtain credit for a kidney, and in two days afterwards the house was to be full of company, and nothing in the larder. A bargain was soon concluded. Peter Corcoran had just died of a whiskey fever, greatly regretted by the regiment. I got his ensigncy and the colonel kept the sheep."

"An excellent arrangement on both sides," I observed, "but did you not find it difficult to make tongue and buckle meet; or, in plain English, to live upon your pay?"

"Not the least," responded the sub-sheriff, "and yet I hunted twice a-week, sate late at mess, did every thing as well as every body else, and spent three hundred a-year."

"The old fellow came down handsomely," I remarked.

"Oh, to the old fellow, as ye call him, I was never indebted for a carlyceer beyond the fare of the mail coach that brought me to the regiment—I dealt in horseflesh."

"Oh, bought and sold."

"Not exactly."

"What then?"

The sub-sheriff lowered his voice, and looked at me for a moment.

"I may as well tell you at once as kill you with curiosity, I suppose. Dealing was not the order of the day, we stole—"

"Stole!"

The red-nosed stranger gave an assenting nod.

"Bah!" I said, "you are laughing at me."

"I wish you had a tithe of the stolen horses that passed through my hands in the stable of Ballysallagh. But horse-stealing and a commission now-a-days would be objected to. In ninety-eight it did well enough."

"I cannot comprehend the association—you must enlighten me."

"I'll easily do that," returned the sub-sheriff. "You must remember that at that blessed period which I allude to, the world was a happy one. All helter-skelter, all hurry-skurry—this day a man was worth a thousand pounds, tomorrow he could not muster turnpike money for a walking-stick. One brother was a colonel of rebels, another captain of yeomanry, and all then was managed like a fox-hunt—short, sharp, and decisive. The devils caught on both sides were not kept long in suspense. The rebels piked theirs upon the hill—and we hanged ours in the market-place—but they had no sense of justice at all, while we, if we hanged the wrong man, always endeavoured to make out the right one afterwards. There was little security for life, and none at all for property. The yeomen took sheep and cattle, but horses were handier for us, and for six months in that line I did a rattling business."

"Pleasant and profitable, no doubt."

"Both combined," said the sub-sheriff. "But there never was a man prosperous that others would not jump up and oppose him. The colonel tried his hand at it, and his want of common honesty proved my downfall."

"How distressing!" I observed.

"As I told you, my horses were removed with delicacy, but the colonel plundered without discretion. When adopting a horse I always gave preference to a Romanist or Quaker—safe people to do business with. The one you had only to call a rebel, and he was too happy to escape with life—the other, being a man of peace, submitted without a murmur. But the colonel was clumsy in his mode of business; to him rebel and royalist were the same—and every fish that came to his net was in season. He had no idea of stealing like a gentleman—and consequently, we were blown at last."

"'Jack,' says he one morning, 'you must 'cut your lucky' and be off. That

chestnut horse traced to me I have plastered upon you. No matter; all's for the best; and do you take the blame. I'll be sheriff next year, and you shall be sub.' He kept his word for once in his life—I got into office—and I have contrived to hold it these twenty years."

"In your official situation, how much of life has been revealed to you?"

"You may say that. If you wish to know what life is in Ireland before and behind the curtain, inquire of the priest and the sheriff."

"Then yours must be a pleasant and profitable office, Mr. Ryan?"

"Not much pleasure, and no dignity at all—I am only a sort of upper hangman. There's another fellow of my own name, and to distinguish us, they call me *Shaun Crughadore*, [John the Hangman]. It was once a profitable business, but the world's changed—my best customers are gone—and men who never paid a debt in the course of their life, have got a general discharge—by paying the debt of nature."

"Business was better twenty years ago?"

"Better!" exclaimed the red-nosed functionary. "When I began the trade, the devil a second house I met with in a morning's ride, but I could make a call in and no matter whether I had a writ in my pocket or not, as they were always expecting them, the thing was just the same. I mind one day I was returning from a road-sessions, and the devil a writ I had with me, good or bad, for I had forgot my pocket-book on the table. Well, as I was passing Dick Grady's, I thought I would make a call. I rode into the yard, and when a fellow spied me he bolted into the house, and as the window was open, I heard what was passed."

"'Oh, murder!' says the helper, '*Shaun Crughadore's* in the yard.'

"'May the devil welcome him!' says the master; 'there's trouble comin when he's at hand. But, bad luck to him! we must be civil,' and out he comes. 'Jack, my darlin', but I'm delighted to see you.'

"'Are ye?' says I, with a wink—as much as to say 'don't be overjoyed until ye know my errand.'

"'Won't ye alight and refresh yerself?' says he."

"'I don't care,' says I, 'if I stop and feed the horse.' So in we goes."

"'Take yer drink, *Shaun astore*,' says Dick, 'and don't talk of business at present. I hear they're badly off about ye—slip that five-pound into the poor-box next Sunday.'

"I put the bank-notes into my pocket quietly. 'Arrah then, Dick, dear, since ye're so charitable, we'll let things stand as they are for a month or two.'

"Well, my next visit was to Ned Kirwan's, a mile or two farther on. The moment I was seen riding down the avenue there was a general alarm. Ned cut out of the back-door, and took the bog like a greyhound, and when I lighted down I was smuggled into the parlour. Presently in comes Mrs. Kirwan, locks the door upon us, and plumps down upon her knees to ask for mercy."

"'Oh, murder! Mr. Ryan,' says she, 'ye have children yerself, and you wouldn't be the ruin of poor Biddy.'

"'Me ruin poor Biddy,' says I, 'arra, the devil a such notion's in my head.'

"'Ye don't know my manin,' says she. 'There's a half-witted sort of a militia officer courtin' our little girl in the front parlour, and we have persuaded him she'll have a fortune at her father's death; but if you drive us till after the marriage, why we'll be destroyed tee-totally. The devil as much money's in the house at present as would buy a breakfast; but, God bless ye, take a couple of bullocks, and give us time till after the fair of Foxford.'

"For fear of spoiling Biddy's match with the *emmadawn* [Idiot] they had humbugged, I agreed, and retired under a shower of blessings richer by two bullocks and five pounds—and of all days in the year, I was on that one as harmless as a travelling *bocagh* [a lame beggerman]. But see, isn't that ould Father Thady turning down the road. There was a time when he would have been afraid to have met me, but as the old fellow was considered not worth powder and shot, the writ was never renewed, and is out of date these four years. Who knows but I'll knock a trifle out of his reverence for all that?"

My curiosity was excited: the sub-sheriff bundled out of the gig with an alacrity that surprised me. I followed—and the horse was committed to the care of two peasants we had encountered accidentally.

We walked forward to meet the priest. As far as evil spirits went, Father Thady had the character of being a game man, and it was affirmed that he did not value his satanic majesty a *tranetine*. Every man is best in his vocation, and although Thady had cleared two haunted houses of the devil, and cared for neither "white spirits or gray," in the course of my life I never witnessed such mortal alarm as the poor priest betrayed, when he unexpectedly encountered the sub-sheriff. The latter, in military parlance, took the initiative.

"Arrah! ye unfortunate ould man—what sins have ye committed that drove ye this mornin' in my way?"

"Oh, murder, murder!" was the response; "I'm fairly ruined, I suppose. Arrah—Mr. Ryan, jewel—ye might spare me for this once!"

"Spare ye!" returned the upper hangman, indignantly; "there's ingratitude—haven't I kept out of your way these four years?"

"Oh! the gates of glory be open to ye, but ye have—but just this once," continued the old man, imploringly.

"Arrah, do ye want to ruin me—don't ye see it's impossible. Is it let ye go in the presence of them two bailiffs, come down special from Dublin?"

"Oh! then," said the old man, with a groan, "there's nothing for it but to rot in jail—och, *willis throe*! Bad luck attend that thief of a nephew that brought his poor uncle to this!"

"Amen!" responded the sub-sheriff; "but you'll want to take a trifle of duds with you, to make yerself comfortable in prison?"

"Oh, murder! and must I go to jail?"

"Arrah, the devil a help for it," returned Mr. Ryan, "but sorra one of me will let you walk; I'll give ye a lift in the gig. But what can ye do? if half was paid down, I might get ye time for the remainder."

"If I could muster ten pound its the outside," returned the churchman.

"Ten pound—is it jokin' ye are, Father Thady? and the debt above a hundred."

"Step up to the house," said the priest, "step up—every *scurrick* I'm worth in the world I'll give rather than go to jail."

"Well, God sees I pity you," said the tender-hearted functionary of the law. "I'll just send the bailiffs out of the way to get a drink, and if the captain will drive the gig to the barracks, I'll be there presently myself."

A trifling gratuity was given to the peasants, who trotted off. I mounted the gig—drove to Ballysallagh—and left *Shaun Crughadore* to arrange matters with Father Thady.

Mr. Ryan was absent about an hour. The sentry directed him to my room, and after he had deposited a sooty bag upon the table, he drew a chair forward, and filled himself a glass of whiskey and cold water.

"Well, how did you settle matters with the priest?"

"Ob, poor man! I took what he offered, and made him happy for life, by assuring him I would never inquire for the balance," was the reply. "Here is the money in the leg of an old stocking, pulled out of a hole in the chimney."

So saying, he turned the contents out upon the table—a score of Spanish dollars, and several handfuls of tenpenny and fivepenny pieces, then the silver currency in Ireland. Many of the coins were discoloured even to blackness, and proved how long the old man must have been engaged in accumulating the little hoard.

I looked at Mr. Ryan.

"Have you no conscientious compunctions—no contrition for plundering the church?"

"Conscience!" he repeated; "did you ever know a sub-sheriff to have any? I have made the old man happy at his escape from an imaginary jail—of what use was this money while stuck in a cranny of a chimney? I'll put it into circulation—and that's a public benefit."

"You won't put it in the poor-box, like Mr. Kirwan's five pounds."

"It will be consigned to the same box, no doubt; but my gig is at the door. I hear you are to be immediately relieved, and when you return to head-quarters, you'll find yourself within an hour's ride of mine. When time hangs idly on your hands, come to me—I'll give you *cead fealteagh*, and the experience of half a century. No man has seen life in light and shadow more extensively than myself. I have had beauty kneeling at my feet—pride stooping abjectly to ask a favour—a peer has been beholden to me for the very bed he lay on—and a countess only used her carriage at my sufferance. Rest assured, that in this world none know the secret passages of private life, but—the priest and the sheriff."

Mr. Ryan lifted the old stocking from the table—placed it behind him in the gig—squeezed my hand—and left Ballysallagh at an easy trot. I thought of what I had heard and what I had seen that morning, and I determined to cultivate an intimacy with my new acquaintance.

I did so: and heard from *Shawn Crughadore* some singular disclosures. They were delivered to me without the seal of confidence, and as unreservedly shall they hereafter be communicated to the gentle reader. W.H.M.

Latest Intelligence.

It is now positively announced that his excellency Earl de Grey, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess de Grey will take their departure from Dublin within a fortnight; and it is added, upon competent authority, that that departure will be final, as it is not his lordship's intention to resume the government of this country.

The Duke of Angoulême died at Goritz at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 3rd June. The royal duke has been for a long time in a state which left no hope of his recovery. One of the Paris papers says that the French court will go into mourning on the occasion.

It is stated that Crookford, of gambling notoriety, has left £350,000 to his widow. He once kept a fishmonger's shop near Temple-bar, London.

A festival, in honour of the memory of Robert Burns, and to welcome his sons to the banks of the Doon, has been appointed to take place on the 10th of July next.

The liabilities of Messrs. Johnson and Co., bankers, at Romford, who have stopped payment, are said to be £35,000, on current and deposit accounts, and £17,000 of circulation in promissory notes, payable to bearer on demand. The assets are, we hear, very limited, although considerable payments were made a day or two previous to the stoppage.

The *Cologne Gazette* assures us that the Papal Government has addressed a note to the Cabinets of London, Vienna, and Paris, on the subject of the late disturbances in its territories. The note declares that there has been no real cause for political discontent, and that the disaffection is chiefly to be ascribed to the machinations of anarchists in France and England.

REFUSAL TO ADMIT DEPUTATIONS.—A number of deputations from various places to present addresses to Mr. O'Connell and his fellow prisoners have been refused admission; there has been no attempt to prevent individuals having interviews with them.

It is supposed that the Emperor of Russia, during his week's visit to England, distributed about £25,000 in acts of liberality!

The East India Company have agreed to the re-introduction of corporal punishment in the native army of India.

Leigh Hunt has recently received an income for life of £150 annually, from the father of Shelly, the poet.

Mr. Healey, an American artist, is at present in London, executing a commission for the King of the French.

The Emperor of Russia has forwarded from an advanced stage of his homeward voyage, through the hands of the Hon. C. A. Murray, a superb gold snuff-box, preciously mounted, to be presented to Mr. George Catlin, as an "Expression of his high approbation of the style and execution" of his forthcoming *Portfolio of the Hunting Scenes and Amusements of the North American Indians*, a copy of which his imperial Majesty had for his amusement during his voyage home.

In the Iron trade in Wales the greatest number of men ever employed are at present fully occupied, with every prospect of a continuance. Mr. Crawshaw, the Messrs. Bailey, and Sir John Guest have augmented the wages of their workmen ten per cent.

Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, Q.C.; Mr. Austen, Q.C.; and Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C., have been retained by Mr. O'Connell and the other traversers, to conduct their case on the Writ of Error in the House of Lords.

Thomas Campbell, Esq., the talented poet, died at Boulogne on the 15th inst. Her Majesty's accouchement is expected to take place early in July, at Windsor Castle.

The Emperor of Russia sent for a ticket to the Polish ball, and paid £500 for it.

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF BYRON.—A case of an extraordinary nature, and in which the names of two of the greatest characters of the age will figure, is about to be brought before the London tribunals. Thorwaldsen, as it is well known, had executed a colossal statue of Lord Byron, which he considered as one of his best works, and presented it to the chapter of Westminster, on condition of its being placed in this cathedral, beside the monuments of other poets. The chapter, at first, accepted the offer; but, it is equally well known, that some scruples were raised afterwards against placing the author of *Don Juan* in this national mausoleum; and the case containing the precious marble was never claimed by the chapter. The testamentary executor of Thorwaldsen being informed of this state of things, made some inquiries, and the masterpiece of Thorwaldsen was found lying on the floor of a cellar in a state of extreme de-

terioration, amongst the fragments of the case, which the humidity of the place had reduced to a state of perfect rottenness. Consequently, a person duly authorised by the executor, addressed a formal reclamation to the authorities, but when the Custom-house officers went with him to the cellar, it was found that the statue had disappeared, and nothing but fragments of the case remained behind. The executors then addressed to the Custom-house a demand for indemnity. This, however, was refused, under the plea that it cannot be answerable for goods refused by the parties to whom they are addressed, and that such goods remain in their stores solely at the expense and risk of those to whom they belong. At this stage, in fine, the executors have resolved on bringing an action for damages against the Custom-house of London. The sum claimed is £30,000 (750,000*l.*), at which the statue was valued by the artists of Rome on its being shipped to London.

GREAT WESTERN STEAM-SHIP. A curious dispute has arisen between the Peninsular Company and the Great Western Company. The former, it appears, purchased the ship, the *Great Western*, for £32,000, the owners undertaking to do whatever the Admiralty surveyors might deem necessary to qualify the vessel for the mail service. A considerable delay taking place in completing a set of new boilers on the tubular principle, some time was requested and granted. All being ready, a trial was had down the Severn, under the inspection of the Admiralty surveyor, who found all right with the exception of the supply of steam, on which he declined to pass the survey. Some alterations having been made in the boilers, the vessel was announced as ready for a second trial, at the request of the owners. Some delay occurring in the appointment of the second trial, the Great Western Company declared the bargain off, and advertised her to sail to New York on the 22d inst. Against this proceeding the Peninsular and Oriental company obtained, *ex-parte*, an injunction from the Court of Chancery to restrain the defendants from sending her to sea or selling her to any other party than themselves, but on the 17th the case was heard and the injunction, which had been granted on an *ex-parte* statement, was dissolved, and the vessel will therefore proceed to sea as advertised.

The imprisonment of O'Connell is too novel in itself, and involves too many great national considerations, not to be turned to account by that consummate actor. One of the results of his incarceration is perceptible in the immense increase of the repeal rent, which has suddenly jumped from hundreds up to thousands per week. Last week the amount received reached upwards of three thousand guineas! and in all probability it will go on increasing. This answers a double purpose; it shows that the means employed to degrade and punish the people's idol have raised him still higher in their esteem, and thus it speaks to the government in the language of defiance; while the receipt of such timely aid is most acceptable to the repeal coffers, exhausted and beggared as they have been by the overwhelming cost of the defence. Mr. O'Connell has comfortable quarters—airy apartments, and two gardens to walk in, and he is permitted to see his friends at seasonable hours and in considerable numbers. The wily lawyer strove hard to keep the repeal flame blazing brightly during his confinement, by making speeches to deputations within the walls of his prison. This, however, the Government would not tolerate; and as there seems no reason to believe that the chief, or, indeed, any of the traversers, are treated other than with the utmost courtesy, it is not surprising that the executive should arrest the breach of prison discipline involved in the speech-making. As far as the people on this side of the channel are concerned, this compulsory closing of O'Connell's tongue in gaol is not regretted, although it is regarded as a source of additional injustice to Ireland by his countrymen.

The Emperor of Russia, after a week's stay in England, took leave of the royal circle on Sunday the 9th inst., and arrived at Rotterdam on Tuesday, *en route* for his own dominions. He was gazed at, feted, and treated to all the sight-seeing which the wealth of the aristocracy and the power of the Crown had at their disposal. A review was got up for his especial amusement in Windsor-park. As regards numbers, it must have been a sorry sight as compared with those which the Czar enjoys at home. The conqueror of Napoleon, however, superintended the military manœuvring, and that must have invested the affair in the Emperor's eyes with more than ordinary interest, as showing the power of mind as opposed to numbers. The imperial visitor displayed himself a good deal in public, and generally speaking, satisfactorily. His reception was what it ought to have been—courteous, but without heart or enthusiasm. The only exception was his appearance at Ascot; where, to propitiate the "turf," he left a £500 stake to be run for during his life. This *ad captandum vulgus*, and it certainly added to the number of his admirers on the ground. Indeed, he distributed his money and presents in every quarter with a prodigal hand; he even sent a very liberal donation to the treasurers for the ball on behalf of the Polish refugees, which they felt themselves bound to refuse. His satanic majesty, it is frequently said, is painted blacker than he deserves; and Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias, judging of him by his public and private conduct during his week's stay in England, is entitled to the same liberal discount on accumulative crime.

MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

The debate, on Monday last, in the House of Commons, on the subject of the proposed change in the Sugar Duties, will be read with interest. Ministers determinedly adhered to their differential duty of ten shillings in favor of colonial sugar, and they would concede nothing more. The tone of the opposition, more particularly the free-trade section of it, was, almost without an exception, bitter and taunting. The *argumentum ad hominem* was ably applied by Mr. James, himself a planter, who showed the wreck which had been made of splendid property, in the course of a few years, which he possessed, by the doings of British philanthropy. But all in vain. The debate, which was ostensibly upon Mr. Ewart's amendment for equalizing the duties on foreign and colonial sugar, embraced the question in every phase; and the speaking, on the part of the three great interests involved in the discussion—the free traders, the ministerialists, and the West Indians—rose in point of interest and earnestness above the average debates of the House. A majority of 203 negated Mr. Ewart's amendment, but the language of the Government was most decided in favour of their own proposition. It was this earnestness of purpose, and the dissatisfaction which it created amongst a large section of their supporters, that caused ministers to summon a meeting of their friends, at the official residence of Sir Robert Peel, on Thursday. Mr. Miles, the Member for Bristol, had put a notice on the books of the House, that he would move, in committee, the reduction of the duty on British plantation sugar from 24*s.* (the Government figure) to 20*s.*, and from 34*s.* to 30*s.* on foreign free-labor muscovado; continuing on *clayed sugars* the Government proposition of 34*s.* The matter was argued at some length, and the breach between ministers and many of their ordinary supporters became evident at this private meeting. Sir Robert Peel, by his policy, stands isolated from all the leading parties in the House and in the country. He goes too far for the protectionists; he does not go sufficiently far

for the free traders; and, ostensibly opposing the Whigs, whose government he broke up on this very question, he now offers the colonists even less protection, as regards sugar, than the Whigs offered them in 1841. But it is not merely on fiscal grounds that he stands between two fires. Most of his domestic policy is in bad odour with his *soi-disant* friends. Reproaches of a bitter kind escaped from the lips of many present, and the meeting broke up very unsatisfactorily. In this frame of mind the House met on Friday, to consider Mr. Miles's propositions. A long discussion ensued. The speakers exhibited great diversity of opinion, and all the ordinary ties of party feeling were rudely snapped asunder. Many of the free traders joined the Government, believing their offer of a 24s. duty, minus the contingent drawback from that of Mr. Miles, to be the better. The West Indians clung to Mr. Miles; so did the Whigs; so did many of the refractory ministerialists; and the result was, that in a house of 462, ministers were beaten on their own proposition by a majority of TWENTY—the fourth defeat which they have sustained in the course of ten or twelve weeks. Three of these defeats have occurred in what is emphatically called the people's house; the other in the more aristocratic branch of the legislature. This division produced an extraordinary sensation. Many of the members who sit behind the treasury bench could not conceal their exultation, but cheered outright. The opposition were delighted. The ministers "looked daggers;" and the House broke up. Rumours of every possible variety and complexion prevailed during the following day respecting their ulterior views. It was asserted that Sir Robert Peel had resigned, and that the Queen had sent for the Duke of Richmond to construct a cabinet. This and other statements were bruited forth at the clubs and elsewhere one hour, and contradicted the next. The cabinet met on Saturday, and remained in deliberation three hours, when their "serious" position was acknowledged by all present. They had another meeting on Sunday, of lengthened duration, and a still more protracted one on Monday.

A meeting of Conservative members was called at the Carleton Club on Sunday, to consider the "Crisis." About seventy attended. Some were for signing a declaration of confidence in ministers, others scouted the proposition as absurd, and the meeting separated in an unsatisfactory mood. The Conservative press fairly represents the distractions of the Conservative party—they are all at loggerheads. In this state of things, Sir Robert Peel met the House on Monday evening, when he declared emphatically that the Government were determined to stand or fall by the original proposition—the 24s. duty, and then scouted the amendment of Mr. Miles. Whatever may be thought of his prudence in doing this, the result proved very complimentary to his firmness and dignity. A warm and lengthened debate followed, which was led by Lord John Russell, in a telling opposition speech; in the course of which he demonstrated the contempt and disgust which would be excited out of doors, if the House rescinded the resolution on the Monday to which it had come to the previous Friday. The debate showed the strange amalgamation of parties produced by this apple of discord. The voting, however, demonstrated that the majority preferred retaining Peel as Premier, at the expense of their own consistency; and the hostile majority of twenty on the previous night against the minister, was converted into a majority of TWENTY-TWO in his favour! This secures, of course, the passing of the ministerial measure, with all its accompanying falsification of certificates, to enable importers to introduce slave as free-grown sugar—a ruse which it is generally believed will be acted upon to an extent that will baffle the custom-house officers, and perplex the Government.

Ministers have been hard pressed to remit the tax imposed two years ago on the exportation of coal, but they made a bold stand in defence of it, paltry as it is in amount, and harassing to the exporters. The discussion involved a geological question, as to the quantity of coal in the "bowels of the harmless earth;" some timid members fearing that in a few more generations, we should hardly leave enough to warm the fingers of our posterity. Lord Howick assured these nervous gentlemen, that four thousand years would not see the "black diamonds" in the beds of England and Wales exhausted.

The other parliamentary proceedings of the most telling interest have been, the debate on second reading of the Bank Charter Bill; a debate on the Irish Church, in which Mr. Ward, who brought it forward, pointed out forcibly the sores which it kept open on the other side of the channel; a damaging debate to the Government, introduced by Mr. Duncombe, relative to Sir James Graham having issued a warrant for opening, at the post-office, the letters of certain foreigners during the Emperor of Russia's stay in England; a debate, in the House of Lords, on the Import Duties, brought forward by Lord Monteagle, and another on the Union of the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor.

From the London "Times."

A meeting of members of Parliament, who ordinarily vote on the ministerial side of the house, was held in the drawing-room of the Carlton Club, at four o'clock yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, pursuant to a requisition signed by five members. Between 60 and 70 members of Parliament were present; Sir John Yarde Bulle, taking the chair. Mr. Disraeli inquired by what authority and for what purpose the meeting had been convened? Lord Ingestrie replied, that he, in conjunction with Mr. Forbes Mackenzie and the other requisitionists had thought it advisable, after the vote of Friday night, that there should be a meeting, and had, accordingly, issued a notice convening it. Mr. Mackenzie added, that he was authorised to state, that, if the meeting then assembled would unanimously sign a declaration of confidence in Sir R. Peel's government, he would not resign office, but continue to conduct the affairs of the country. Mr. Ferrand asked by whom the statement had been authorised, and whether it was expected that the 60 conservatives, who voted with Mr. Miles, in opposition to the government on Friday night, were expected to rescind their votes? Mr. Mackenzie declined to answer these questions. Mr. Christopher, however, said, that he was one of those who had voted against Sir Robert Peel on Friday; but he was still prepared to sign a declaration of confidence in the government, rather than let in the Whigs. Lord Sandon professed himself willing to sign a general declaration of confidence, reserving to himself, however, a right of private judgment. Sir Howard Douglas was prepared to vote unlimited confidence. Mr. Blackstone declined to support so extensive a declaration. Mr. Blakemore said that the meeting was one of conservatives, and he was surprised, therefore, at Mr. Ferrand's presence. Mr. Disraeli challenged Mr. Blakemore to a definition of conservatism, but Mr. Blakemore declined so embarrassing a task. Several members expressed their dread of a declaration of "unlimited confidence," as they were quite in the dark as to the minister's future measures, and knew not which interest might be next assailed. The meeting, which was very noisy, and evidently far from unanimous closed without coming to any decision, and adjourned until twelve o'clock to-day.

[We learn, from the *Standard*, that at the adjourned meeting on Monday forenoon, 200 conservative members attended, when a vote of confidence in ministers was passed unanimously.]

FRANCE.

War appears actually to have broken out between Morocco and the French in Algeria. The *Moniteur* of Tuesday publishes despatches from General Lamoricière; in one of which, dated from the Camp, near Lall, Magruia, at ten o'clock p. m. on the 30th May, he states that he was suddenly attacked on that day, two leagues within the French frontier, by a body of 1,700 or 2,000 cavalry, belonging to the Emperor Abd-er-Rahman: which he repulsed without difficulty—

"The following, according to two prisoners who escaped from the sabres of the Chasseurs, is the cause of this sudden change. A person allied to the Imperial family, and named Sidi-el Mamoun Ben Cherif, arrived this morning with a contingent of 500 Berbers, sent from Fez by the son of Muley Abd-er-Rahman to form part of the troop of observation assembled before us. Sidi-el-Mancona, excited by an ardent fanaticism, declared that he wished at least to see closely the Christian camp, and marched forward notwithstanding the opposition and observations of D'el-Genaoui; who, although he objected, according to the Emperor's orders, dared not give an absolute refusal to a prince of the Imperial family. The want of discipline of the Berbers and the fanaticism of the Negro troops became more and more excited in our presence, and the battle was fought. Whatever may be the construction put upon this recital, war exists in fact. Fortune will demonstrate to what degree it will be carried."

On Friday, the Chamber of Deputies, by a majority of 190 to 53, voted 7,500,000 francs to defray the expense of adding 15,000 men to the present force of 96,000 in Algeria.

Marshal Bugeaud is to take the command of the troops in the new war. Large re-inforcements are about to be sent to the French army in Algeria, and the Prince de Joinville is to proceed with a squadron to cruise off the eastern coast of Morocco.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* states that the mediation of England in the quarrel has been offered and accepted by both Morocco and France, but this wants confirmation.

The funeral of Jacques Lafitte took place on Thursday last week, with great pomp. Nearly the whole Chamber of Deputies was present; three Members of the Cabinet—Marshal Soult, M. Cunin Gridaine, and M. Lacave Laplagne; several members of the Royal Household; M. Thiers, M. Beranger the poet and many other persons of note. The funeral procession was of immense length; and the whole ceremony was viewed by a crowd of some 20,000 persons. A great body of troops escorted the procession, ostensibly to do honour to the departed statesman, but more probably to keep order. At the tomb in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, funeral orations were delivered by M. Pierre Lafitte the banker's brother, M. Arago the astronomer, an elector of Rouen, M. Garnier Pagès, and M. Dupin the elder. M. Garnier Pagès made the virtues and wrongs of the departed the pretext for uttering a violent Republican tirade. M. Arago more appropriately told an anecdote of Lafitte—

"The just pride which M. Lafitte derived from his humble origin, is perhaps the last feeling that powerfully agitated him. The Prince de la Moskowa's very young daughter, who was the object of the old man's tender affection, was recently telling him, whilst playing, that her school-companions called her a princess; but one thing puzzled them—how was it that the grandfather of a princess was not a prince? 'The reply is a very simple one,' answered Lafitte: 'tell them that I am a prince, a prince of the plane! and should your young schoolfellows not understand this explanation, you will add—mind you, for I order you to tell them that—my father was a carpenter.'"

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The despatches in anticipation of the overland mail reached London on the 5th inst. The dates are from Bombay to the 1st May, and from China to the 10th March.

INDIA.—The Supreme Government had adopted further measures for bringing the sepoys to a sense of duty, and the dissatisfaction which prevailed amongst the troops had disappeared. One regiment had been disbanded with disgrace, and the others had proceeded to Scinde. Five regiments had, however, it will be remembered, gained their demand for batta before they consented to go to Scinde. A revolt had been brought about to the north of Shikarpore, by a chief named Bejee Khan, who, having placed himself at the head of some cavalry, attempted to plunder the country. A party of horse, under the command of Captain Taite, was sent to take him prisoner, but he repulsed them, and cut down ten and wounded twenty of the British troops. This event had taken place near Poolajee, and had awakened all the energies of Sir C. Napier, who was determined to put down the disturbance in the bud.

The news from the Punjab represents that country in as disturbed a state as ever. Another member of the Dogra family has fallen, the victim of his own nephew.

Two of Runjee Singh's reputed sons, named Cashmeera and Peshora, had raised a party and endeavoured to oppose the rule of Heera Singh and his puppet king. They stationed themselves at Sealkote, a fortress about eighty miles north of Lahore. Heera Singh sent troops to attack them, but they defended themselves with bravery. Amongst the chiefs disposed to support their cause was the uncle of Heera Singh. Suchet Singh, a brave, but rash soldier. The army of Lahore, who now hold the reins of power, and who are ruled by Shere Singh, because he has the disposal of the treasury, invited Suchet Singh to come to Lahore, and promised to put him at their head. He came, with about five hundred followers, and took up a position. Heera Singh, in great alarm, made all sorts of promises to the army, and led them to attack his uncle, who, with his minister and several of his adherents, were slain. The fall of Suchet was a death-blow to the hopes of the pretenders at Sealkote; they fled, and their partisans dispersed.

Heera Singh is master at Lahore as long as the troops, who receive from him double the pay they used to receive from old Runjeet, will allow him. The notorious Akbar Khan was at Jellalabad, watching and intriguing with the Mahomedans in Peshawar, and on the west bank of the Indus. The British residents seem to await a revolution in Lahore. Lord Ellenborough was to go for some time to Allahabad. Intrigues were in full operation at Gwalior, where the Minister chosen to govern the country during the minority of the young Rajah Jyajejee Sindeah, was unpopular; and it was even said that plots were laid to assassinate him.

CHINA.—The news from China extends to the 10th March. A ship was seized with opium on board, in the port of Shanghai, and sent down to Victoria, where she was subsequently liberated on payment of a fine of 500 dollars. This seizure appears to have been brought about by a British merchant, who compelled both the Chinese authorities and the British consul to take official notice of the opium being on board. Several chests were thrown into the sea, and others injured. This step has brought the question of the treaty and of the opium smuggling into discussion.

PROFESSOR NICHOL'S CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Professor Nichol has acquired reputation by two former works, in which some of the grander truths of astronomy were presented in language at once popularly intelligible and highly eloquent. One of these, devoted to a history of the progress of the human mind in making out the true theory of the Solar System, is here presented in a new form, the original subject being condensed into a narrow space, and the remainder of the volume filled up with matter altogether new, consisting of "contemplations" on comets, the individual characteristics of the planets, and the constitution of the sun and moon. Much of the new matter is an exposition, in Dr. Nichol's lucid and brilliant style, of some of the most interesting of the recent discoveries of the continental astronomers, and it is therefore new to a large portion of the scientific world, as well as to the mass of ordinary readers. For example, we have here the whole of the results of the curious and elaborate observations of Maedler of Dorpat and Baer of Berlin, upon what may now be, without a figure, called the geography of the moon, the surface of which planet, our readers will be amused as well as gratified to know, is now mapped with considerably more accuracy than that of our own globe.

Of Messrs. Maedler and Baer's three-foot map of the moon—a singular triumph of human ingenuity, as yet almost unknown to our country—Dr. Nichol here gives a reduced copy of about six inches diameter, besides a number of plates representing on a much larger scale special parts of the surface. The general character of the surface of this luminary is highly irregular, marked by tremendous mountains and pits, the altitude and depth of which can be accurately measured when they are presented on the edge of the lighted portion. A plate of the district called the Apennines shows lofty mountains casting shadows upon a subjacent plain, and several circular pits, the sides of which are partially lighted. Another gives a district as full of pits as a honeycomb is of holes, and each of these likewise having a lighted and a dark side, owing to the obliquity with which the sun's light strikes them. This is said to be an illustration of the crateriform structure of the moon. There is, however, about a third part of the entire surface presented to us, which is comparatively regular, the regular part being plains, and not seas, as former astronomers considered them. There is no appearance of water, and hardly any of an atmosphere, upon this planet.

"Taking the lunar mountain formations," says Dr. Nichol, "in the order of their simplicity, we discern, at the outset, a great number of perfectly isolated peaks, or sugar-loaf mountains, *unconnected with any group or range whatsoever*. In our own globe such peaks are not uncommon; as in Cantal, for instance, or Teneriffe; but those generally belong to some large sphere of disturbance, and the nature of the forces and operation that produced them can, however dimly, still with some degree of certainty, be conceived. These singular formations in the moon, however, very often present no analogy in this respect with the corresponding phenomena of our planet. They rise suddenly from the midst of unbroken flats, and at a great distance from general disturbances. They seem to have shot through the plain in obedience to some sharp internal force, as one would push a needle through a sheet of paper; and the plain has not been much more disturbed." Mountain ranges or chains are also present in the moon, though not a chief feature in its surface. "Their general position is a sort of circular but broken skirt of the greater flats or plains." Some reach a greater elevation; the Apennines are from eighteen to twenty thousand feet high; that is, something between our Alps and Andes. As in the earth's mountain ranges—the Himalaya, for instance—the ridge is uniformly extremely steep on one side, descending to the plain through abrupt precipices, or a succession of abrupt terraces, while they slope away, as ours do also, through an extensive and gently declining highland." The abrupt face uniformly looks in towards the plain—a peculiarity which Professor Nichol supposes to be paralleled on earth by the arrangement of some of our mountain chains, but, we humbly conceive, with a less cogency of argument than usually attends his speculations.

"But," says he, "I must hasten on. I have now reached the most wonderful portion of the moon's mountain districts—a portion with which we have here nothing beyond the faintest similitudes. At least three-fifths of the surface of that luminary are studded with caverns penetrating its body, and generally engirt at the top by a great wall of rock, which is serrated, and often crowned by lofty peaks. These caverns, or, as they have been termed, *craters*, vary in diameter, from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest space visible—probably 500 feet—and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes; so that the multitude of the smaller ones becomes so great, that we cannot reckon it. The ridge that environs the crater is always steep within, and *sloping* on its external side; but it does not descend to the cavern's base in one precipice. Within it frequently lie concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the low ground appear more gradual. The bottom of the crater is very often convex, and low ridges of mountains sometimes run through it: we also find in it isolated conical peaks and smaller craters, whose heights however seldom reach the base of the exterior wall. These curious objects are, in some parts of the moon, so crowded, that they seem to have pressed on each other, and disturbed and even broken down each other's environments; so that, through their mutual interference, the most odd-shaped caverns have arisen. It often happens, too, that smaller craters are found on the wall; and in many instances one can discern that the wall has been severely shaken by the force, whatever it was, that gave rise to the secondary object."

The crater Tycho, of which a sketch is given from a drawing by Major Davis, is the most remarkable of these wondrous formations. Dr. Nichol makes an ideal journey to it. "Wandering," he says, "through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion—where there is no plain larger than a common field, that, too, rent by fissures and strown with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices—we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge, stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, O Traveller! averting your eyes from the burning sun; and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape! It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world for ever and ever! Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus—no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to

stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice, 13,000 feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity; and at some ten miles' distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by 2000 feet than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea! would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes?

But onwards—and to the bottom of this mysterious place. No foot of man can take us there; so that we must borrow a wing from the condor, or, better still, Mr. Hansen's aerial machine. Off, then; down, down, arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one 4000 feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall without breach—only with a few pinnacles on its top—towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it: only benign Night with its stars, and the mild face of the Earth! But we tarry no longer; so again, Mr. Hansen! and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho! What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters; and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Nay, Mr. Hansen assures us that some exist of at least equal depth, whose diameter is not more than 3000 feet! What conception can we form of chasms so tremendous? Can there be life in them; or are they, by some primal curse, shut out, like the Dead Sea, from all other realms of the Eternal! Life!—is its profusion so necessary? I have been amid solitudes in this land, where no bird is seen, nor heard the cry of any winged creature—scarcely even an insect's hum; where only the casual hiss of the snake, and the hurried and uneasy creeping of the beetle, announce that life exists! Look yet further. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favourites they are of the sun: for he illumines them more than all else beside, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see; they go on every side from Tycho! In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendour from which these rays depart. What they are, Mr. Hansen knows not; but they spread over at least one-third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which in first rashness we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb, on which when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe even by those silver though mystic cords! Come, fellow-traveller, and Mr. Hansen, *au revoir*!

"Now that we have reached our homely earth, we must not pass these rays issuing from Tycho and other large craters so cavalierly as our late guide was disposed to do; inasmuch as, next to the craters themselves, they are the most remarkable feature of the moon. And first, with regard to those from Tycho, which in some respects are distinguished from all others. They consist of broad brilliant bands (visible only when the moon is full or nearly so) issuing from all sides of the crater, and stretching to a greater or less distance from their origin; one of them can be traced almost through the *Mare Serenitatis*, or along a space of about 1700 miles! Two characteristics of these singular bands cannot fail to attract the notice of even the casual observer. First, the light they throw is of exactly the same kind as that reflected from the edge of the crater itself, and from the lowest part of the chasm, so that we must suppose that the matter forming them had the same origin and source as those other portions of Tycho. Secondly, they pass onward in thorough disregard of the other formations of the moon. If, instead of a most rugged surface, the face of our satellite had been one unbroken plain, their course could not have been less disturbed, only they *accommodate themselves to the contour of that surface*: if they meet a valley, they bend with it; if a precipitous mountain, they rise with its precipices, and then pursue their predetermined path. Is it possible that these rays consist of matter shot up from the interior of the moon through rents in its crust at the time that crater was formed? or rather, what other hypothesis can satisfy the two foregoing conditions? That this highly reflecting matter extends to great depths below the surface, admits of decisive proof. First, there are small craters in many of the bands, of considerable depth, that show no sign of having pierced through them. Secondly, supposing, as we must, that the valleys and mountains over which they pass so unceremoniously are *subsequent formations*, and that they rise in proportion, just because they were heaved up along with the other soil—the height of those precipices is another proof of their depth. But, especially, look at the phenomenon represented in plate XII. [Tycho at full moon.] The larger crater to the left, named Sausure, which is much wider than one of the rays, and is of great depth, has, to a certain extent, intercepted the ray, and displaced it; but shortly afterwards that ray resumes the former path. Now, observe the bottom of Sausure: there is the very ray—faint, indeed, but distinct—so that the whole depth of the pit has not reached the source of that shining matter, which, indeed, must be far deeper than Tycho itself. If, then, as we are inclined to assume, the phenomenon of the rays indicates a protrusion from below, through rents in the moon's crust—whence those rents? They are not mere chances or irregularities; it is not as if the protruded matter only filled a gap where it found it—a thing which happens so often with our own trap rocks. These rents proceed along great circles of our luminary, from Tycho as a central point; they are, and can be no other than *cracks*, extending over a vast portion of its crust, produced by the convulsion which formed that stupendous chasm. The formation of the rays and of the crater was therefore the same; and the crater is the mere mouth, or point of escape, of some tremendous internal and *eccentric* force. And thus, at an early age in the history of the present crust of the moon, at least five thousand cubic miles of rock were displaced, and the solid surface in all directions rent, in one case through the length of 1700 miles, by some terrific convulsion."

After an equally curious description of Copernicus, a crater more resembling that of our *Ætna*, though on a far larger scale, and where the volcanic operations seem to have been gradual, the learned professor comes to advert to the more level or flat parts of the moon's surface. "These plains," he says, "are, as previously mentioned, for the most part bordered by the precipitous sides of the mountain formations, excepting at some open spaces, like straits of the ocean, where they communicate with each other. Of their contour little can be said. They are not absolute flats, but low grounds, through which low ridges pass, in the midst of which isolated peaks sometimes arise, and where craters wide and narrow, but not—in so far as hitherto remarked—of great depth, may be

found. They are, in the meantime, the undisturbed part of the moon's surface.

"These regions, however, present features too remarkable to permit their being passed carelessly by. They are distinguished by a very great variety of colouring—a feature so far from being confined to one or two localities, that there is scarcely anywhere a flat surface in the moon that does not manifest it. It is found even in the small interstices amidst the network of the rays from Copernicus. In the long plain below Plato, it may be seen by an ordinary telescope; but the most gorgeous exhibition of it is in the brilliant and, I fear, wholly unrepresentable greens of the *Mare Serenitatis*. What means that colouring? Is it inorganic or organic? Is it an indication of different geological formations, or of something else? If the former, we ought to find the variety, although disturbed, also among the mountain districts. My impression at present is, that it is not there, although I would speak with diffidence. Can it be foliage? If organisation exists in that strange globe, it is clear that we must reach the knowledge of it first through its forests and savannahs—objects probably very largely diffused, compared with architecture or the abodes of sentient beings. And it is precisely in the plains, undisturbed by the tossings of that barren granite, that such objects should be found. There is another fine illustration in the patch near Aristarchus, which seems almost a picture of the varied colouring of a beautiful undulating country. And yet how strange this conception appears! A world with vegetation without water, and with so small an atmosphere! Stranger still, if that globe has no communion with organised things; if life, which, by its mighty assimilative energies, has so bent under its dominion the rocks of our own world, should be powerless in that globe, even under those hard conditions. It surely cannot!"

PRINCE AUGUSTUS AND LADY AUGUSTA MURRAY.

In the House of Peers, on Thursday, a Committee for Privileges sat to consider the claim of Sir Augustus Frederick D'Este to succeed to his father as Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Arklow. The counsel for the claimant were, Sir Thomas Wild, Mr. Erle, and Mr. Wilde; the claim was watched on the part of the Crown by the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Waddington. The facts of the case are too well known to need minute recapitulation. In 1792, Prince Augustus, the son of George the Third, then twenty years of age, was travelling for his health in Italy. At Rome he met with the Countess of Dunmore and her two daughters, Augusta and Virginia. With Lady Augusta Murray, who was six or seven years older than himself, he fell violently in love; and he urged her to marry him privately. She was reluctant: but he threatened to starve himself—he wrote to her that he had actually fasted for forty-eight hours; she yielded; and they were privately married, by Mr. Gunn, an English clergyman, in 1793. Mr. Gunn, fearing the displeasure of his diocesan, enjoined them to keep his name secret: but the consequence of marriage becoming apparent, the couple were again married, by bans, in 1793, at St. George's Hanover Square; a marriage admitted to be legally invalid. Then followed the discovery of their union, the discontentance of the King, the separation of the lovers, and finally their estrangement; two children having been born—Augustus Frederick, and a daughter, at present resident in Paris. Three questions now came before the Committee,—whether the marriage at Rome was actually performed; whether it was legal as an ordinary marriage; and whether it was rendered invalid by the Royal Marriage Act, the 12th Geo. III. c. 11. Sir Thomas Wilde argued, that for the purpose of marriage between Protestants, Rome is a place where there is no law of marriage; since Protestants cannot be married according to the *lex loci* by a Catholic priest; and therefore, in the case of English subjects, the common law of England still obtains, recognizing a marriage *per verba de presenti*. The marriage of Lord Cloncurry with a Protestant lady at Rome was held good on these grounds. As to the Royal Marriage Act, it is, he contended, an act imposing disabilities, and therefore to be construed strictly; and thus it cannot hold good where it cannot be enforced, or in any part of the British dominions not named in it—not even in Ireland, and *a fortiori* not in a foreign country.

In the course of his speech, Sir Thomas Wilde read several letters that passed between Lady Augusta Murray and the Prince. They are couched in terms of the usual ardour; the lady showing the utmost devotion to her fervent lover, but manifesting some anxiety, while Mr. Gunn's scruples were under process of persuasion, lest he should think her "vile"—should think that she had been the Prince's mistress. In March 1793, she thus writes to the Prince—

"Then, my treasure, you say you will talk of honour to him. There is no honour in the case: if there is, I will not marry you. I love you, and I have reason to hope and believe you love me; but honour, in the sense you take it, is out of the question. I cannot bear to owe my happiness to anything but affection; and all promises, though sacred in our eyes and in those of Heaven, shall not oblige you to do anything towards me that can in the least prejudice your future interests. As for honour, with the meaning Mr. Gunn will annex to it—I am ashamed to fancy it—he will imagine I have been your mistress, and that humanity, commonly termed honour, now induces you to pity me, and so veil my follies by an honourable marriage. My own beloved Prince, forgive me if I am warm upon this subject. I wish you to feel you owe me nothing; and whatever I owe you, I wish to owe to your love and to your good opinion, but to no other principle. Tell Mr. Gunn, my own Augustus, that you love me—that you are resolved to marry me—that you have pledged a sacred word; tell him, if you please, that upon the Bible you have sworn it, that I have done the same, and that nothing shall ever divide us; but don't let him imagine that I have been vile. Do this, my own love; but pray take care of the character of your wife, of your Augusta."

The letters do not appear, at least to unprofessional eyes, very cogent evidence, except that the parties made a passable Romeo and Juliet of real life; but they are curious as specimens of royal erotics. The Prince's style does not always do justice to his Göttingen education; and it lacks a certain smoothness and elevation, which the lady had probably acquired from the study of novels. We pick out a few samples.

Prince Augustus 26th March 1793. "Do, my dearest, trust me: I never will abuse the confidence you put in me, and more and more will endeavour to deserve it. I only wait for your order to speak to Mr. Gunn. Say only that you wish me to do it, and I will hasten to get a positive answer. See, my soul, it only depends upon you to speak; thy Augustus, thou wilt find ready at all times to serve you. He thinks, he dreams of nothing but to make thee happy. Can he not succeed in this, all his hopes are gone; life will be nothing to him; he will pass the day in one constant melancholy wishing them soon to conclude,

* And yet, why should foliage be green in the moon!

and finding every one longer than the other. Indeed, my Augusta, that cannot be the case; my solemn oath is given, and that can never be recalled. I am yours, my soul, ever yours."

Prince Augustus, 4th April 1793.—(Still unmarried.) "Will you allow me to come this evening? It is my only hope. Oh, let me come, and we will send for Gunn. Every thing but this is hateful to me. More than forty-eight hours have I passed without the smallest nourishment. Oh, let me not live so. Death is certainly better than this; which, if in forty-eight hours it has not taken place, must follow; for, by all that is holy, till when I am married I will eat nothing; and if I am not to be married the promise shall die with me! I am resolute; nothing in the world shall alter my determination. If Gunn will not marry me I will die. * * * I will be conducted in everything by you, but I must be married or die. I would rather see none of my family than be deprived of you. You alone can make me; you alone shall, this evening. I will sooner drop than give you up. Good God, how I feel! and my love to be doubted sincere and warm. The Lord knows the truth of it; and, as I say, if in forty-eight hours I am not married, I am no more. Oh, Augusta, my soul, let us try; let me come; I am capable of everything: I fear nothing; and Mr. Gunn, seeing our resolution, will agree. I am half-dead. Good God! what will become of me! I shall go mad, most undoubtedly."

The Lady's Answer. "My treasure, my dearest life and love, how can I refuse you! and yet dare I trust to the happiness your letter promised me! You shall come if you wish it; you shall do as you like; my whole soul rejoices in the assurances of your love, and to your exertions I will trust. I will send to (—); but I fear the badness of the night will prevent his coming. My mother has ordered her carriage at past seven, and will not, I fear, be out before the half-hour after. To be yours to-night, seems a dream that I cannot make out; the whole day have I been plunged in misery, and now to awake to joy is a felicity that is beyond my ideas of bliss. I doubt its success: but do as you will; I am what you will; your will must be mine; and no will can ever be dearer to me, more mine, than that of my Augustus—my lover, my all. Don't be angry at my not adding, my husband. I cannot any more say this till marriage sanctions it. Forgive my doubts—my fears. They are excusable in Augusta."

Extract from Lady Augusta's Journal, on the Marriage-day.—"A bright sunshine of hope blazed upon me yesterday, but the darkest ray of despair succeeded it. I return thee, oh Prince, thy promises, thy oaths; if love does not make you mine, I scorn all other claims. I am extremely wretched, but I must submit to inevitable destiny. How that destiny changed at night, dare I tell! Oh, my God and my Lord, let me remember this awful day; let me remember the new, the dear duties it imposes upon me. At night my lover and my Prince came; then came a clergyman. Oh day ever sacred to my memory! oh moment that I must record with letters of gold! you are written on the tablets of my heart: you have changed my destiny: this morning, wretched and forlorn—this evening, the happy wife of the most amiable, the most honourable among men. Teach me, oh Lord, to deserve the favours you lavish upon me, and grant that I may ever have reason to bless this day."

From Letters exchanged after Marriage: Lady Augusta.—"My dearest and now really adored husband! you are but this moment gone—the sacred words I have heard still vibrating in my ears—still reaching my heart. Oh, my Prince, my lover, and now indeed my husband! how I bless the dear man who has made me yours! What a precious, what a holy ceremony! how solemn the charges; how dear, and yet how awful! Do you feel happy, my only love! Tell me you do, that I may bless my destiny. To be your wife is the summit of my wishes; I have attained that summit; but if my loved, my adored husband has one moment of regret, my happiness is fled, and despair returns. But do I talk of despair when joy ought to be my only theme—when it fills my whole soul!

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow morning, my only beloved? Will you write to your wife? Will you tell her how you have gotten home, and whether the coming out has given you cold?"

Idem: The Prince.—"Wife! dearest of all beings! my dearest Augusta! What happiness, what comfort to my wounded heart, to find all sorrow vanished from it! yes, my soul, to feel what inclination, the dearest inclination, joined to duty, has done! We have made a hard promise to Gunn, a very hard one indeed; but what would we not have done for to have obtained the highest blessing—that of never being separated, our conscience free. Does my Gussy know that she can no more have a will of her own—that she will and must be strictly guided by me! Oh, yes, that the dearest creature knows. How rigidly we must observe what we swore to Gunn. Gratitude demands this; and, though a trial, we shall enjoy every thing better afterwards. I may say at least, Gunn has made us make a dreadful promise, and we must keep it. This is hard—much more so than we think: but a trial for to reap so much blessings from is just: and though at times we shall be sorry for having made it, yet comfort ourselves, we have made a great acquisition."

Sir Thomas Wilde having concluded his statement, the Committee adjourned sine die.

AFFECTION OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

On the 26th of December (after his second campaign in Silesia,) Frederick made his solemn entry into Berlin, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of his subjects, who hailed their youthful monarch as a hero. He was met by various processions, and conducted within the walls amidst cries of "Long live the king! long live Frederick the Great!" The king, who was pensive and deeply moved, returned the salutations with which he was on every side heartily greeted; betraying, at the same time, the greatest anxiety to prevent any accident occurring to those who crowded round his chariot. The town was brilliantly illuminated from evening until break of day; and thousands of devices were displayed at the windows, almost every house bearing the inscription, "*Vivat Fredericus Magnus!*" Military salutes were fired during the whole night, while the crowds of people that filled the streets made the welkin ring with their joyful acclamations. Frederick had proceeded, in the company of his brothers, through the streets during the evening, in order to be a spectator of the rejoicing of his people; but he had a dear and sad office likewise in view. In a retired street he stopped his carriage, entered a house, and ascended its narrow staircase. This was the residence of his old and faithful tutor, Duhan, whom he found confined to his bed in the last stage of sickness. Frederick approached the couch of the dying man. "Beloved Duhan," said he, "what pain it gives me to find you in this state! Would to God that I could procure your convalescence, or assuage your sufferings; you should then see what sacrifices my gratitude would be ready to make." "To have once again beheld your majesty," replied Duhan, "is the dearest consolation which I could have possibly desired. Now I shall die more happily." He made a motion to grasp the king's hand, and imprint a kiss upon it. Frederick would

not permit him; but bidding him farewell, in the deepest sorrow, hurried away. On the following day, Duhan expired. There were others, too, unable to congratulate Frederick on his successes. His best friends, Jordan and Keiserling, had died during the foregoing year. "They were my family," said Frederick, announcing their death to Duhan. "I consider myself now childless and fatherless, and in deeper mourning of heart than any dress could indicate. Take care of your health; and remember, that you are now the last of the friends I have left me." Frederick took a father's care of the children of the deceased.

Kugler's History of Frederick the Great.

WAR-OFFICE, June 7.—1st Drag. Grds.—Lt. G. W. C. Jackson to be Capt. by pur., v. Turner, who retires; Cornet P. S. Thomson to be Lt. by pur. v. Jackson. 6th Drags.—C. Tower, Gent. to be Cornet, by pur. v. Fitzwygram, prom. 11th Light Drags.—Capt. I. Jones to be Major, by pur. v. Kotton, prom.; Lt. B. Harrison to be Capt. by pur., v. Jones; Cornet G. T. Doncombe to be Lt. by pur., v. Harrison. 14th Regt. Foot—F. Fortescue, Gent. to be Ens., by pur., v. Swinburne, appointed to the 83d Foot. 15th. Foot—Quartermaster R. Imray, from the 83d Foot, to be Quartermaster, v. Cartmell, who exch. 36th Foot—Capt. W. S. R. Brady, from half-pay Unattached, to be Capt. v. Brevet-Maj. W. H. Adams, who exch.; Lt. F. L. McDougall to be Capt. by pur., v. Brady, who retires; Ens. J. A. Brockman to be Lt. by pur., vice McDougall; D. Tom, Gent. to be Ensign by purchase, vice Brockman. 41st Foot—A. E. Hardinge, Gent. to be Ensign by pur., v. Wethered, prom. 56th Ft.—Capt. Sir W. Maxwell, Bart., fm. h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt. v. J. Charlewood, who exchs.; Lt. L. C. Couran to be Capt. by pur., v. Sir W. Maxwell, who rets.; Ensign F. M. Ramsay to be Lt. by pur., v. Couran; H. C. Lanauze, Gent. to be Ens. by pur., v. Ramsay. 61st Ft.—Lieut. F. Huson, from the 1st W. I. Regt., to be Lieut., v. Dobson, who exchs. 85th Ft.—Lt. D. W. P. Labalmondiere to be Capt. by pur., v. Ensley, who rets.; Ensign J. W. Wallington to be Lieut. by pur., v. Labalmondiere; Ens. J. D. Swinburne, from the 14th Ft., to be Ens., v. Wallington; Ens. and Quartermaster J. Cartmell, from the 15th Foot, to be Quartermaster, vice Imray, who exchs. 87th Foot—Captain H. T. Earl of Chichester, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt., v. C. T. Graves, who exchs.; Lt. W. Radcliff to be Capt. by pur., v. the Earl of Chichester, who rets.; Second Lt. W. H. Taylor to be First Lt. by pur., v. Radcliff; J. Fitzgerald, Gent., to be Second Lt. by pur., v. Taylor. 1st West India Regt.—Lieut. T. J. Dobson, from the 51st Foot, to be Lt., v. Huson, who exchs.; J. Rose, Gent. to be Ens., without pur. v. Spratts who resigns. Unatt.: Brevet Lt. Col. J. R. Rotton, from the 11th Light Drags. to be Lt. Col. by pur.; Brevet Lt. Col. J. Crosse, from Major half pay unatt., to be Lt. Col. without pur.; Brevet Lt. Col. Sir F. Watson, from Capt. half pay Portuguese Service, to be Major without pur. Hospital Staff: Surg. W. W. Bell, M. D. from the 26th Foot, to be Staff Surg. of the First Class, vice J. French, M. D. who rets. upon half pay. Brevet: Capt. W. S. R. Brady, of the 36th Ft., to be Maj. in the Army; Capt. H. T. Earl of Chichester, of the 87th Foot, to be Major in the Army.

Memorandum.—The date of the commission of Ensign R. MacLaine, in the 78th Ft., to be 31st May 1843, instead of 8th April 1842. Lt. Col. M. Dixon, upon half pay unatt., has been allowed to retire from the Army, with the sale of an unattached Lieut.-Colonelcy, he having become a settler in Canada.

WAR-OFFICE, June 14.—1st Drag. Gds.: M. Fenwick, Gent. to be Cor. by pur., v. Thompson, prom.—11th Light Drags.: Lieut. E. V. Mackinnon, from the 97th Ft., to be Lieut., v. Corrance, who exchs.—15th Regt. Ft.: Capt. W. Fulton, from 59th Ft. to be Capt., v. Dickinson, who exchs.—22d Ft.: Capt. J. Ramsay, from 49th Ft., to be Capt., v. Powell, who exchs.—30th Ft.: Capt. W. F. Hoey, from the St. Helena Regt. to be Capt., v. Marechaux, who exchs.—44th Ft.: Ens. H. A. Porter to be Lt. by pur., v. Fulton, who rets.; W. G. F. Copland, Gent., to be Ens., by pur., v. Porter.—47th Ft.: Lt. H. M. Hamilton, from 62d Ft., to be Lt., v. Drought, who exchs.—49th Ft.: Capt. C. T. Powell, from 22d Ft., to be Capt., v. Ramsay, who exchs.—59th Ft.: Capt. H. B. F. Dickinson, from 15th Ft., to be Capt., v. Fulton, who exchs.—62d Ft.: Lt. G. P. Drought, from 47th Ft., to be Lt., v. Hamilton, who exchs.—97th Ft.: Lt. F. S. Corrance, from 11th Light Drags., to be Lt., v. Mackinnon, who exchs. 2d West India Regt.—Ens. A. W. Joyce to be Lieut. without pur. v. Decker, dec.; Serjt.-Major J. Lawless, from the 4th Drag. Grds. to be Ens. v. Joyce.—3d West India Regt.—Lieut. E. S. Glen to be Capt. without pur. v. Berwick, dec.; Ens. A. M. Taggard to be Lieut. without pur. v. Glen.—St. Helena Regt.—Capt. C. H. Marechaux, from 30th Ft. to be Capt. v. Hoey, who exchs.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Ens. Cameron of the 42d Ft. are William Gordon, not Walter Gerdon, as previously stated. For promotions in the Gazette of the 7th inst. in the 85th Regt. Ft. read 83d Regt. Ft.

Office of Ordnance, June 11.—Ryl. Regt. Artillery; Sec. Lieut. C. M. Raynes, to be First-Lieut. v. Macartney, dec.; Sec. Lt. G. H. L. Milman to be First Lieut. v. Willis, cashiered.—**Memorandum.**—The dates of the promotions of the undermentioned officers have been altered as follows, viz.—First-Lieut. M. P. Biddulph, 26th April 1844; First-Lieut. H. A. Vernon, 28th April 1844.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9 1-4 a 9 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844.

By the Mail-Steamer Britannia, via Halifax, we have our Liverpool files to the 19th ult., and London of the preceding day. They are of a cheering nature, and the commercial portion of the intelligence is happily confirmed by our private correspondent.

The great depression in the Cotton market has been but of a temporary nature, and even that depression was foreseen by the prudent and cautious. Prices are slowly advancing, and, from all present appearances, will speedily attain a healthy and permanent rate. Now this is a much more wholesome state of recovery than any sudden rise might be, and should be matter of satisfaction in the commercial world.

We are glad to perceive the firmness and independent action of Sir Robert Peel, in his capacity as a leading government officer; we are still more glad to find his almost direct acknowledgment that he holds free trade opinions to a certain extent. The partial defeat of ministers on the Sugar Duties Bill, when in Committee, was one which called for his energies, and they were not wanting; and the following passage from his speech on that question, on the Monday following, (June 17,) is well worthy to be kept in remembrance, both from the liberality of its sentiments and from the decision of its tones. After put-

ting forth his arguments on the question itself, the Right Hon. Baronet proceeded, and "after adverting to the general state of the legislative measures of the government, and expressing his fears that the close of the present session would be marked, like the last one, by the abandonment of many of them, he lamented the want of cordiality between the government and many of its usual supporters, but would not conciliate them by holding out the prospect of taking a different course. They had taken office with the view of not only maintaining, but of improving, existing institutions; and of gradually relaxing the system of protection. They had been defeated in the House of Lords, on a question which, though appearing isolated, was in reality not so; it was a portion of that ecclesiastical renovation which circumstances required. Seeing, therefore, that the policy of the government was one of gradual improvement, and that they could not hold out any expectation of an alteration in it, he concluded by intimating that important consequences might be the result of the decision of the house."

Admiration of true greatness, and sympathy with misfortune, are two of the attributes of our nature the most strikingly indicative of reason and its ennobling duties; it is much to be lamented, however, that these sterling metals should be mixed up with so many drossy or even cankerous qualities which too often neutralize the good even if they do not corrode and injure it. It is not enough that too many condole with defeated wickedness, and lend their best feelings towards those against whom indignation should be excited, but there is also a constant tendency on their part to depreciate the talents of those who have been successful against the objects of undeserved popular sympathy. This was never more remarkable at any period of the world than in the early part of the present century, nor were the subjects of our remark ever more conspicuous.

On the one hand a soldier of fortune who commenced his career in the reign of terror, was an instrument of republicanism and democracy in all its modifications, gradually becoming a successful commander of armies, changing by degrees his democracy to arbitrary rule, becoming a dictator self-assumed, removing even the very last vestige of that republicanism in which he was early educated, becoming an extensive conqueror, an arbiter of national destinies, a despoiler of every restraint except such as his own will imposed, a mocker of national justice and law, afterwards punished and deposed, yet spared upon terms far superior to those he might have expected, the breaker of those terms and again the disturber of the world, once more effectually put down, and finally ending his days in the obscurity he had drawn upon himself. The brilliancy of this man's career, how has it dazzled the eyes of thousands so that they have been unable to perceive the many dark, bloody, and treacherous passages in it! The melancholy decline and close of his life, how have they caused so many to forget the causes thereof! Because he fell, public sympathy attended his fall; forgetful that his whole career had been one of ambition, self-aggrandisement, insensate in desire, remorseless in execution. Such, we venture to say, was Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the other hand we perceive one who passed through the regular military gradations in his country's service, who evinced himself an able and successful soldier of his country in the Low Countries, in India, and in Denmark, who was the champion and defender of Spain and Portugal, driving forth from those countries the insolent and rapacious plunderers who had been sent there by that same Napoleon Bonaparte, and chasing into the heart of France the very flower of those troops and the most skilful of their generals, until the discomfiture of their master in another quarter, bade him sheathe his victorious and rightly-used sword. No inordinate ambition was his; his best talents, and they are transcendent, were devoted to his country and to humanity; he knew how to obey as well as how to command, and could dictate terms, wise and humane, both to the victors and to the vanquished. This man was Wellington.

In the threatening posture of affairs consequent on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and which menaced all Europe with a repetition of the wars and bloodshed which had so long blackened her annals, the unanimous voice of that continent called The Soldier of his country to take vengeance on the Soldier of Fortune. Though both of them had been long and greatly distinguished in arms they had yet never trod the same battle-field together; but now, at a crisis when the liberties of perhaps the whole world were at issue, they stood for the first and last time in hostile array. The event is too well known to be dwelt on, here; yet the mistakes,—the very evident mistakes—of one accomplished and generally candid historian, and the prejudices of multitudinous others, have drawn the sympathies of the world to the loser, and have given him the palm of military superiority, whilst the other has been vilified for the cause in which he fought, his talents have been disparaged or made to suffer in comparison, and he has even been accused of negligence in his important duties, and of being all but caught in a trap. The mistakes of the historian, and the ignorance or the malevolence of others, have not been without their uses; they have called into literary existence troops of defenders of our gallant and perfect soldier. Men have taken up the pen who hitherto have only wielded the sword; all anxious, and able, to make clear the wisdom, foresight, and genuine merits of the aspersed Great Captain, and to make plain, once and for ever, the plan and policy by which he was truly actuated.

Among the numerous military writers thus called up, is Capt. William Siborne, some account of whose work we commenced in last week's Anglo American, and with which we proceed to-day. We commend it to the deliberate perusal of all our readers, for although it necessarily goes over much the same ground as others have travelled who had the same object in view, yet it strengthens them by additional circumstances, incidentally brought together, and evidently put forth by one who is familiar with his subject. It is quite time that the errors and fallacies of nearly thirty years standing should be exposed and corrected; we know, it is true, that the military fame of the Duke of Wellington is impe-

ishable, but unfortunately a great man seldom has justice done to him whilst he lives, and although his Grace may smile at the little cavils of common men, and the sneers of impotent malice, he will not be heedless of the consciousness that the world is every day becoming more truly acquainted with his extraordinary qualities.

It seems a general belief that Lord Ashley will finally get his "Ten hours" bill; the discussion of the question has opened up so many views of "things as they are," and of "things as they may be," under such a regulation that many hitherto opponents of the measure are either coming round or beginning to doubt the infallibility of their own reasonings on the subject. It was on this account that, although we had always leanings towards his lordship's views, we were well contented that the motion should be for the present lost. The measure is one, wide in its application, and intended to operate to the mental and intellectual good of the most numerous class in society, the operatives; yet, as it evidently purposes to deprive them, to a certain extent, of their absolute command of that which is their own,—their time and industry,—it requires to be handled with caution, that it may not result in tyranny and injustice, and with discretion, that the proposed leisure may be turned to profitable improvement individually as well as to national benefit generally. It is proved to a demonstration that a diminution of two hours' labour out of twelve will not occasion a diminution of one-sixth in the day's work, because an increased energy can be thrown into work which has a shorter daily duration, and that certain aids of machinery can be thrown in, still farther to produce advantageous effects.

On the other hand it has been shewn that the actual labours in the manufactories in question are not so great nor so wearisome as have been represented, and as the exaggerated fancies of philanthropists have believed them to be; therefore the additional stimulus during somewhat shorter working hours may in all probability be borne without much discomfort, and thus the operatives may receive as much, or nearly as much, emolument, and yet acquire an additional leisure equal to that of one day per week. Besides which, the argument has not been sufficiently kept prominent, that they actually do not work ten hours a-day on the annual average. The main point, however, is not so much the giving of two hours more per diem to leisure, as to guide the occupation of that leisure; for *guided* it must be; not impelled or compelled. *Hic labor hoc opus est*, and Lord Ashley must be prepared with some philanthropic and sagacious scheme for training those who are to obtain increased leisure to turn it to both private and public good. Unless he can do this his proposed blessing will be a curse. The young, we would presume to say, and those are the persons for whom the proposed legislation is intended, should occupy it partly in exercise and partly in education; and all ages and conditions should be invited to encourage a well-digested plan.

The ink with which our sheet is printed will be scarcely dry ere the *Pet Steamer* of the New Yorkers will be at her old moorings. The *Great Western*, the removal of which from these waters we had all so much regretted, is restored to her course, and she is now under the command of Capt. B. Matthews, so long the first officer of Capt. Hosken. Few men have more extensively or more justly enjoyed general esteem and respect than Capt. Matthews; and this by a train of good offices to numerous passengers during the six years in which the *Great Western* has been a packet to this port; by willing kindness and obliging disposition towards his numerous friends on both sides of the Atlantic; and, "though last not least" by his thorough seamanlike qualities and nautical experience. He will find "troops of friends" to give him welcome on his arrival in his present capacity of commander, and among them not one who will be insincere in congratulation. We trust that some public manifestation of the pleasure felt in his promotion and reappearance among us will be made whilst he remains in port. The worthy commander whom he succeeds,—*Capt. Hosken*,—will soon be among us also, in charge of the immense *Leviathan Steamer, Great Britain*, of 3,500 tons measurement; another wonder of the world.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

The St. George's Cricket Club having received the reply of the Toronto Cricket Club, have concluded on the Match, and will leave this city for Toronto on Saturday, the 20th inst. The St. George's Club purpose stopping on their way there, to play a friendly match with the Cricket Club at Syracuse.

A FRIENDLY MATCH AT CRICKET

BETWEEN ELEVEN MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB AND SEVEN JUNIOR MEMBERS OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB, WITH FOUR SENIORS ADDED TO THE LATTER FROM THEIR OWN CLUB.

This match, the first that the New York Club has attempted, came off on Saturday last, upon the ground of the St. George's Cricket Club. A finer day for the purpose could not have been wished for; a lively cool breeze was blowing from the N. W., and the dew was completely off the grass by nine o'clock; the friendly combatants were pretty brisk in their attendance, the wickets were pitched at half-past nine, and at 10.38 A.M. play was called. The New York Club were allowed the privilege, and they put the St. George's men to the bat. The bowling on the New York side was done entirely by Sawyer and Clark, with the exception of two overs by Faulkner and one by Mason, in the second innings of the St. George's party; and it must be admitted that they bowled well. There was not any round bowling at all on the field during the match, but for swiftness, length, and pitch, the bowling of the day was deservedly admired. Sawyer (a Sussex man) proved himself a true scion of his native county, and Clark, though a young player, was neither lacking in zeal, judgment, nor skill. Dodworth (a senior) and J. T. Shaw first took the bats; the former remained in 16 minutes, in which time he received 16 balls, made 13 runs, being five twos and a three, and received his quietus from Sawyer. 18 runs, 1 wicket down. Smith (a senior) took his place. Shaw was in 20 minutes, took 16 balls, and had his bail lowered by Clark—18 runs, 2 wickets. Green (a senior) succeeded Shaw; he was in 17 minutes,

received 19 balls, and made 13 runs, which he ran very coolly, and was put out leg before the wicket. 43 runs, 3 wickets down. To him succeeded Tinson (a senior), who was but two minutes in. Sawyer seemed bent on his destruction, and bowled at him tremendously; Tinson took 3 balls from him, the last of which threw down his stumps. 43 runs, 4 wickets down. Platt now went in; he kept his bat 8 minutes, took 7 balls, made 3 runs, and was bowled down by Clark. 50 runs, 5 wickets down. Now came Nichols, but his action was brief in this innings; he remained in but 3 minutes, took 3 balls, and was moved down by one of Sawyer's well pitched balls. 51 runs, 6 wickets down. Skippon came next: a good batter when once he has acquired self possession, he remained in 10 minutes, and did good execution in the time, for he received 10 balls, and made 9 runs, one of which was a three; Clark, however, succeeded in finding his wicket. 66 runs, 7 wickets down. Next after Skippon came Fielder. In the meantime Smith had been doing a slashing business with his bat; he was in precisely an hour, in which time he took 51 balls, and made 23 runs, three of which were three; but Clark put an end to his career by upsetting his house. He had previously had several narrow escapes from frequent fine bowling. 75 runs, 8 wickets down. Vinten succeeded him. Fielder maintained his bat 17 minutes, took 11 balls, made 10 runs (including two threes), but was at length beautifully caught by Greenwood. 80 runs, 9 wickets down. Harrison came last, a left-handed player, but he was quickly dispatched by Clark. 81 runs, 10 wickets down. Vinten brought his bat out at 4 minutes past 12. Great praise is due to the New York men on their fielding and backing up; the greatest misfortune on their part arose, in fact, from one of their very best men, Sawyer, who at the commencement of the play, delivered four *no balls* consecutively. However, he nobly atoned for it. Balls, 142, including four *no balls*. Time 86 minutes.

At 20 minutes past 12 play was again called, and the New York Club took the bat. The bowlers on the part of the St. George's Club were Dodworth and Smith throughout the day; and *how* they bowled the story will show. Wilcox and Battersby first assumed the bat; the former kept in 25 minutes, and received 39 balls; from which he made 17 runs, of which three were threes. He had, however, more than one narrow escape, for two of those balls which were bowled by Dodworth were struck directly back into the bowler's hands, but Dodworth failed to hold them, to his great vexation, and another which, if picked up, would probably have run Wilcox out, or have prevented his making a run, run between the legs of Nichols, who in that solitary instance fielded rather carelessly. Battersby, however, was the first to fall, being run out, after maintaining his bat for 22 minutes, receiving 8 balls, and making 3 runs. 21 runs, 1 wicket down. Battersby was succeeded by Cuppage, and immediately afterwards Wilcox was bowled down by Smith. 21 runs, 2 wickets down. Greenwood succeeded Wilcox. Cuppage was speedily used up; he kept his bat 5 minutes, in consequence of "over" being called when he came in: but the very first of Dodworth's lightning balls broke up his establishment. 21 runs, 3 wickets down. Faulkner succeeded, and kept the bat till the last of Dodworth's over; but he was then run out by running against his partner, after making 2. 23 runs, 4 wickets down. Then came Moore, at whom Smith bowled five balls successively, the last of which demolished his house, in 3 minutes after he had taken possession of it. 23 runs, 5 wickets down. Richards now took the bat. Greenwood, who had maintained his position 13 minutes, and had taken 5 balls, had his stumps laid pros rate by Dodworth. 25 runs, 6 wickets down. Sawyer succeeded Greenwood. Richards kept his bat 7 minutes, received 5 balls, made 3 runs, and was neatly demolished by Smith. 29 runs, 7 wickets down. Then Mason came in. Sawyer was in 15 minutes; he received 7 balls, made a single run, and received his mortal blow from Dodworth. 31 runs, 8 wickets down. Now came Garvin, a left handed player; he was neatly caught at the point by Green, without making a run. Garvin had just previously escaped, for Smith having bowled at him he struck the ball up, and Smith nearly caught it, but had in fact too far to run in. 36 runs, 9 wickets down. Clark went in last. Mason had maintained his bat 14 minutes, received 11 balls, and made 6 runs, one of which was a three, but he was at length caught by Skippon in admirable style, at the long field. Mason is a hard hitter, and Skippon had retired well back to be ready for him. 37 runs, 10 wickets down. Clark brought his bat out, at twenty minutes past one, having received one ball, and made a run upon it. This inning lasted precisely an hour. Balls 91, including one *no ball*.

An intermission now took place, during which the parties partook of a good substantial *Cricketers' repast*; and play was again called at half-past two.

At the second innings of the St. George's Club, Vinten and Nichols were the foremost to take bat in hand. Neither of them had scored in the first innings, and both were burning with desire to make up what they deemed their deficiency. And they did so, for they made the score 25 before they parted company. Nichols was in 28 minutes; he took 29 balls, and made 11 runs, one of which was a three; but Sawyer lowered his wicket. 25 runs, 1 wicket down. Smith (a senior) then went in. Vinten was in 32 minutes, received 24 balls, made 14 runs, including two threes, and then fell before Sawyer. 26 runs, 2 wickets down. To him succeeded Dodworth (a senior): Smith's career was shorter this time than at the first innings; he was in but 7 minutes, took 6 balls, runs 6, one of which was a three, and bowed to Sawyer, who worked indeed like a sawyer. 33 runs, 3 wickets down. Then came Green (a senior). Dodworth was in 14 minutes; he took 11 balls, made 4 runs, and was cleverly caught by Clark. 44 runs, 4 wickets down. Tinson (a senior) succeeded Dodworth. Green was in 13 minutes, received 5 balls, made three twos, and fell before the accurate Clark. 52 runs, 5 wickets down. Fielder next took the bat. Tinson also brought up his arrears in this innings; he kept his bat 28 minutes, received 21 balls, made 20 runs, of which one was a three, and then had his timber felled by Clark. 81 runs, 6 wickets down. To him

succeeded Skippon. Fielder, a bold striker and hard hitter, kept his bat 30 minutes, took 24 balls, made 17 runs, and was at length caught out by Sawyer, in one of the prettiest catches of the day. 88 runs, 7 wickets down. J. T. Shaw was next to take the bat. Skippon kept his wicket 16 minutes, received 16 balls, and made 11 runs; he, too, was caught by Sawyer very neatly at the leg. 100 runs, 8 wickets down. Platt then took the bat, which he maintained 8 minutes; he received 8 balls, made one run, and was caught by Mason—an excellent fielder. 102 runs, 9 wickets down. Harrison was the last on this side; he took 7 balls, when Sawyer found his wicket. 109 runs, 10 wickets down. J. T. Shaw brought out his bat at 24 minutes past 4, after maintaining it 27 minutes, receiving 18 balls, and making 10 runs, one of which was a three. This innings lasted 114 minutes, in which there were delivered 169 balls, including one no ball.

The state of affairs now looked fearfully against the New York Club; in addition to the arrear of 43 on the first innings here were 109 on the second, making a total of 152 against them. They had "come to the scratch" with alacrity and hope at the commencement of the latter, and several with the expectation of bettering their hand this time; but the amount was too heavy for them, and when the first two of their wickets fell without a run to set against them, the party seemed to have lost all heart. These wickets were both taken by accidents, the balls having previously struck the batters and turned upon the stumps. It would be needless, therefore, to detail the innings; briefly, Mason made 4 and was caught by Green at the middle wicket, Clark and Cuppage made two each, Wilcox, Battersby, and Sawyer, one each, and five were put out without a run—the whole innings being completed in 47 minutes, and amounting to 12 runs, of which one was a bye. The number of balls was 72. The St. George's Cricket Club consequently won by 140 runs, their smaller innings being greater than both innings of the New York Club, by 31 runs. Let it, however, be recollected, that the latter has not been long organized, and that this is the first time it has measured its strength against any other. The members have played chiefly among themselves, and they do not reckon many old Cricketers in their number, consequently they have not until now ascertained their relative force in the game. The St. George's men, also, and particularly the Juniors, have been in steady practice, and are continually making observable progress.

The following is the score of the game, as kept by Mr. Paterson, who was entrusted to keep it for both sides.

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Dodworth, b. Sawyer.....	13	b. Clark, c. Clark.....	9
J. T. Shaw, b. Clark.....	0	not out.....	10
Smith, b. Clark.....	23	b. Sawyer.....	6
Green, leg before wicket.....	13	b. Clark.....	6
Tinson, b. Sawyer.....	0	b. Clark.....	20
Platt, b. Clark.....	3	b. Sawyer, c. Mason.....	1
Nicholls, b. Sawyer.....	0	b. Sawyer.....	11
Skippon, b. Clark.....	9	b. Sawyer, c. Sawyer.....	11
Fielder, b. Sawyer, c. Greenwood.....	10	b. Sawyer, c. Sawyer.....	17
Vinien, not out.....	0	b. Sawyer.....	14
Harrison, b. Clark.....	0	b. Sawyer.....	0
Byes.....	5	Byes.....	3
No Balls.....	4	No Ball.....	1
	80		109
		First innings.....	80
		Total.....	189

NEW YORK CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Wilcox, b. Smith.....	17	b. Dodworth.....	1
Battersby, run out.....	3	b. Dodworth.....	1
Cuppage, b. Dodworth.....	0	b. Smith.....	2
Greenwood, b. Dodworth.....	0	b. Smith.....	0
Faulkner, run out.....	2	b. Dodworth.....	0
Moore, b. Smith.....	0	b. Dodworth.....	0
Richards, b. Smith.....	3	not out.....	0
Sawyer, b. Dodworth.....	1	b. Dodworth.....	1
Mason, b. Smith, c. Skippon.....	6	b. Dodworth, c. Green.....	4
Garvin, b. Smith, c. Green.....	0	b. Dodworth.....	0
Clark, not out.....	1	b. Dodworth.....	2
Byes.....	3	Bye.....	1
No Balls.....	1		12
	37	First innings.....	37
		Total.....	49

N.B. The Umpires were Messrs. H. Russell and S. Wright.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2, 1844.

Mr. A. D. PATERSON,—Dear Sir: We had a hasty-made match on our ground yesterday, the play of which I consider so good as to be worthy of a notice. All our best players were on the ground and were in excellent play. Some of the best fielding was displayed, and the bowling was capital, as you may well judge from the accompanying score. Very few balls were missed, and one very extraordinary catch was made by Mr. Broadbent from one of John Ticknor's wicked leg hits. One of the principal features of the game was Mr. Turner being put out in consequence of his wicket being knocked down by the opposite batter whilst he was off his ground. Had it not been for this unfortunate accident the score would have been different. Play was called by the umpire at 3 o'clock, and Messrs. Turner and Bradshaw were placed at the wicket. John Ticknor and Dudson bowling, and it was full two hours before

this side was put out. The other party kept possession about one hour and a quarter before all their wickets were lowered. The following is the Score:

FIRST INNINGS.

W. Bradshaw, run out.....	13	John Ticknor, c. Broadbent, b. Turner.....	22
Thos. Facon, c. Hawthorn, b. Dudson.....	25	Richardson, run out.....	2
P. Ticknor, b. J. Ticknor.....	3	Moon, b. Turner.....	7
Thos. Sutcliffe, c. Heyt, b. do.....	3	Hawthorn, b. Turner.....	8
Haviland, b. do.....	1	J. Kenworthy, b. Turner.....	8
Thorpe, run out.....	0	O. P. Blackburne, c. Sutcliffe, b. Facon.....	0
Jas. Turner, run out.....	23	Dudson, b. Facon.....	5
J. T. Shaw, b. J. Ticknor.....	0	R. Ticknor, b. Bradshaw.....	5
Ed. Turner, c. Hawthorn, b. do.....	0	Heyt, b. Facon.....	0
C. Kenworthy, b. Dudson.....	1	Sanderson, not out.....	5
Broadbent, not out.....	0	O. P. B. vice Anson, b. Turner.....	2
	69	No Balls.....	3
		Wide Balls.....	1
			68

The Second Innings are to come off shortly, but as the parties are so well matched it is impossible to tell the result. No great flourish can be made of this, because it was not a great match, and no stakes were won or lost; but for good steady batting on one side, and good bowling on the other, it cannot easily be beat.

Yours truly,

P. S. We are trying hard to make a match up for this Fall. We propose meeting you some time in September, or earlier, if possible. Will inform you in time.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

THE QUARTETT. Vol. I., No. 6. Edited by F. W. Rosier. New York. S. O. Dyer & Co.—We have here the completion of the first volume of a work which ought to be in the hands of all who either practise or admire vocal harmony. It contains an "Evening hymn," by Spohr; "How blest," and "Hope and Faith," by Von Weber; a "Vesper Hymn," by Beethoven; a "Kyrie Eleison," by Hasslinger; "Lord, have mercy," by Mendelssohn; "Dying Child," by Viotti; the delicious madrigal of "Down in a flowery vale," by Festa, with the additional verse by F. W. Rosier; and "Integer Vitæ," by Flemming. A rich number, the greater part of which will be not inapplicable even to Sabbath evenings. It contains also an index to the volume, and the work, as far as published, may now be bound up in four parts, for the several voices which make up the harmonies.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—It is at least evident that Mr. Simpson is in earnest preparation for the ensuing season. He departed for Europe on Monday last, by the Rochester, Packet Ship, and we hear that he had the full determination to do "his possible" for public delectation in the fall. As his intended movements are very properly secret, and must besides greatly depend upon unforeseen circumstances, we can only hope for the best, and we do most cordially wish success to his mission.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Two excellent spectacles are in representation here, in which Mr. J. R. Scott is sustaining the principal characters in fine style. His *Arbaces* in "The Last Days of Pompeii," and his *Chourineur* in "The Mysteries of Paris," are masterly performances as far as conception and action go, but we do wish that he were not so fond of consonants, and that he would give us somewhat more of the fine round vowel sound. These two pieces have been deserved favorites throughout their career at this house, and one of them has had a long one; the best proof of their merits as well as those of the actor may be found in the numerous audiences, whom even the present hot weather cannot keep away.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The "Vivandiere," "Open Sesame," and "Polka-mania," still continue to attract large audiences. A very important improvement is to be remarked concerning the last, the dance itself having, until the present week, been done in but mediocre style. Miss Taylor is not professionally a dancer, and it is injurious to her voice, in the exercise of which her profession strictly lies. On the other hand Miss Maywood both dances without grace, and manifestly finds it hard labour to get through The Polka; consequently makes it altogether a failure. Mr. Wells certainly has done his part in the dance very satisfactorily. But now it is danced by Mlle. Desjardins and the Herr Korponay, so that its beauties and fitness for the social amusement of the private ball room are sufficiently shewn. The great attempt of the season will probably be made on Monday evening next when "The Revolt of the Harem" will be produced, with a cast such as cannot be matched perhaps in all the rest of the United States combined, and with all the accessories of Music, Scenery, and Properties, which have heretofore caused it to have so long and triumphant a run in London and elsewhere. We have always given large credit both to Mr. Niblo and to Mr. Mitchell for their liberal expenditure when occasion required it; in the present instance, as we hear, there is an outlay of little short of three thousand dollars to make this piece complete, a large accession of first artists in this department have been added to the establishment, and it is evident that the management intend to deserve success so far as faithful endeavours can furnish a claim.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The manager has obtained during the current week an actor to his establishment whom we have long admired, and whose loss from the city we have much regretted; yet he is somewhat unequal in his representations though competent to a great variety of parts. We allude to Mr. Mc

Cutcheon whom we have often seen at the Bowery Theatre with unqualified delight, but who was somewhat subject to irregularity in the performance of his professional duties. He reads well, he acts well, and is every way effective—when he is “i’ th’ vein,” and is certainly qualified to be a real acquisition here. Another valuable addition here is *Mrs. Hodges*, better known in the theatrical world as *Miss Nelson*. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the qualities of this elegant actress as they are well known in England, in New York, and in every part of the Union. She will make her first appearance at the Chatham Theatre on Monday evening next, and we shall be better enabled to enlarge on her merits after she shall have commenced her engagement.

Literary Notices.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1844.—If testimony were needed as to the merits of this popular Periodical, it would be found in the fact that the present number commences the *twenty fourth* volume of the work. It is fortunate both in the number and permanency of its valuable contributors, a hundred of whom at least can be named whose writings do honour to the literature of the age. Nor does it at all fall off in the quality of its articles, the number before us being quite equal to any of its predecessors.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR JULY, 1844. New York: H. G. Langley.—Of the merits of this work, which is evidently of a political bias, the best proof is the acknowledgment of them by a daily Journal which takes a prominent part on the contrary side in politics. It certainly has, apart from such subjects, articles of a literary quality not to be surpassed by those of any monthly magazine in the world.

NEW YORK JOURNAL OF MEDICINE. Vol. III., No. 7. Edited by Dr. S. Forry. New York: H. G. Langley.—This work appears every two months, and its pages are well filled with valuable and interesting articles connected with Medicine and Surgery. It has already attained a high character and standing amongst the members of that learned faculty.

THE MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1844. New York: Freeman Hunt.—We find in the number before us a clever paper on Ancient Ship-building, a Biography of the late Jacob Lorillard, Considerations on Commercial Legislation, and other very useful matter of various kinds. The work continues to be conducted with great spirit and propriety.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1844.—The second volume is here commenced, earnest, as we hope, of many a prosperous successor. It is ornamented with a very neat mezzotint likeness of the Editor, John Inman, Esq., a portrait of his daughter, a view near Cold Spring, a plate of ladies' fashions, and a musical composition. In naming the editor, we offer the best assurance for the value of the articles herein contained, for his taste has been so long exerted and acknowledged, that we may well venture to take on trust whatsoever carries the stamp of his approbation. The mezzotint is a most accurate likeness.

LADIES' COMPANION FOR JULY, 1844.—The papers in this number are from such pens as those of Herbert, Maturin, Mesdames Ellet, Sigourney, Embury, Orme, &c., and the number is ornamented with three engravings and a piece of music. These are temptations surely.

NEW MIRROR LIBRARY. No. 26. Morris, Willis, & Co.—The work here selected to form part of the Series is that beautiful one by Moore, “The Epicurean,” a book containing more reflection as well as more beauty than nineteen-twentieths of those which are daily put forth. It is an exposition also of the Epicurean philosophy, as distinguished from the Epicurism formerly so called. The Editors have done well and wisely in making this selection, and they have put it forth neatly and cheaply.

The Emperor of Russia, while in England, always slept on the ground, on a leather tick, stuffed with straw, as being more conducive to health than a feather bed.

Mr. Lever.—The following interesting notice of the author of *Charles O'Malley* is from a foreign correspondent of the N. Y. True Sun:—

Mr. Lever (Harry Lorrequer) is very uowell. In a letter received by us this morning, (May 17) we are informed that “poor Lever is seriously ill. He is threatened with apoplexy, and is now under strict regimen with regard to diet, &c. He says the doctors have made him worse instead of better, and worse than all, have terrified his wife, which affects him more deeply than his own danger. He is, of course, interdicted all mental labor. I feel greatly for him, and cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. A kinder friend never breathed. There is a fascination about him, which women have, but men rarely. I used to listen to his conversation till daybreak alone interrupted it. His unselfishness, his considerate regard for others, and his agreeable manners, make him the idol of his friends. He has three lovely children, of the ages of four, six and eight years, with whom and Mrs. Lever he prefers passing his time, rather than in the brilliant circles of which he is the centre and cynosure.”

GOVERNESS WANTED.—An accomplished lady of refined manners is wanted to finish the Education of one young lady, and to undertake the entire charge and instruction of two others, 10 and 8 years of age. A thorough knowledge of French, Music, and Drawing, with the usual English Branches, will be required. She will have the assistance of some masters. An Episcopalian of pious disposition, one who has had experience, and can take maternal care, and give maternal advice, would be preferred. To such, a comfortable and a permanent home is offered. References of the most unexceptionable character will be expected. Letters (post-paid) addressed “Clericus,” at the office of the Anglo American, No. 4 Barclay Street, will meet with attention. The situation will not be filled for one month, in order to afford opportunity for applications from a distance. J29-4t.

APARTMENTS, &c.—Very superior accommodations, with or without board, may be obtained in this city, by applying either at No. 113 Hudson Street, or at the Office this Journal. May 18.

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—The HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash. J. LEVINSTYN, 466 Broadway, up stairs. A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. [J23-1m]

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap. 20-1y.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Astringents, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation. The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1828 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the “Tincture of Iodine” three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this I used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M.—, under whose treatment I was considered I Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—“My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?” Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, “I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?” No, I replied. “Then use it, for I believe it will cure you.” Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,

Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,

Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos. City of Brooklyn, ss. } Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 8th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

New London, Co., ss. Personally appeared, the above-named Avenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,

Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,

Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Higgs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Mar. 9-6m.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON
WEEKLY PAPERS.
 TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS.
 FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT AT
 THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
 No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [J22-1m.]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
 " " Harlem River.
 View of the Jet at " "
 Fountain in the Park, New York.
 " In Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
 June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX, late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT, that greatest of modern scientific achievements, and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Families.

An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N. Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The Attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuance of the same.
 Mar. 16-17.

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable to effect its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they CAN REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease out of the blood, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which, if retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

All GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 376 Bowery, and 189½ Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto.
 Mar. 16-1m.

PERKINS HOUSE, 19 Pearl Street, Boston.—Messrs. VIGNES & GORDON would respectfully announce to their Friends and the Public, that their extensive and commodious Hotel, the PERKINS HOUSE, has been newly furnished throughout, and is now in every particular well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers and the Public generally. For comfort, convenience, and location, it is not surpassed by any Hotel in the city; and they can assure those who may favor them with their patronage that every effort will be used to have every delicacy on the Table, and their Wines, &c., will be of the best quality.

Very superior accommodation for families, and charges moderate. Ap. 27-3m.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
 COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
 No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
 Reference—G. Merie, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
 Aug. 30-1f.

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS, and SEMAPHORIC TELEGRAPH SIGNAL BOOK.
TO THE COMMERCIAL, MERCANTILE AND SHIPPING INTERESTS OF NEW YORK.—The undersigned, having furnished above two thousand sets of Marine Telegraph Flags with a designating number, and Signal Book, (including the Government vessels of war and revenue cutters,) proposes to furnish the merchant vessels of New York with full sets of his Telegraph Flags, a designating number and Signal Book, for FIFTEEN DOLLARS, for a set of thirteen flags in number, with the book of numerals as registered in numerical and alphabetical order. Ships, barques, brigs, schooners, sloops, and steam-vessels, possessing this semaphoric code of signals, with a designating Telegraph number, will be displayed upon the Tontine building in Wall-street, as received from the State Island Telegraph station, upon their arrival in the outer harbor—all which will be duly recorded and reported by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's office, No. 67 Wall-street. JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph.

We, the undersigned, marine surveyors, having examined the system of marine signals, or telegraph flags, together with the semaphoric signal book, compiled by Mr. JOHN R. PARKER, think them well adapted for communication at sea, and strongly recommend their use and adoption by owners of vessels, ship-masters, underwriters, and all others interested in the commerce of our country.

THOMAS H. MERRY, SAMUEL CANDLER,
 RUSSELL STURGES, JOSEPH TINKHAM,
 R. BRUMLEY.

June 15.

MAGAZIN OF PARIS, LONDON, & NEW YORK FASHIONS IN LADIES' HATS.
 The establishment No. 418 Broadway, two doors above Canal Street, is now open and selling every variety of fashionable Bonnets.

It is expressly designed to be a depot wherein Ladies may be certain of finding an ample and varied supply of all the most fashionable, beautiful, and durable straw hats, as well as those composed of other materials. A direct communication with Paris and London, affords the means of introducing the latest Fashions of those cities, almost as soon as adopted there, to the Ladies of this, the real Metropolis of America. May 4-3m.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N. Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places.
 Ap. 20-1f.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory.
 Jan. 20-1f.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beckman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.
 May 27-3m.

McGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N. Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES McGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.
 Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES McGREGOR. (Mar. 9-1f.)

SMITH'S REVISED BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.—Containing a complete practice of Medicine, Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children; a description of about four hundred Medical Plants, Gums, with their medical properties; (Pharmacy) a great many useful and favourite receipts; Surgery is full, and illustrated with many drawings. Physiology is so arranged that it is of vital importance to every person; it is illustrated with many beautiful drawings. This is a complete Family Book, as well as a Physician's Guide and Library. It is just issued from the Press, and is for sale by the Proprietor, Isaac Smith, M.D., No. 384 Broome-st., New York, at the low price of \$6 single copy. A discount will be made to those that purchase to re-sell.
 My 25-6t.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Duxton, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 24 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account of the above boats or owners.
 May 11-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	O. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strict attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
 and to BARRING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.